

The Sketch

No. 987.—Vol. LXXVI.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1911.

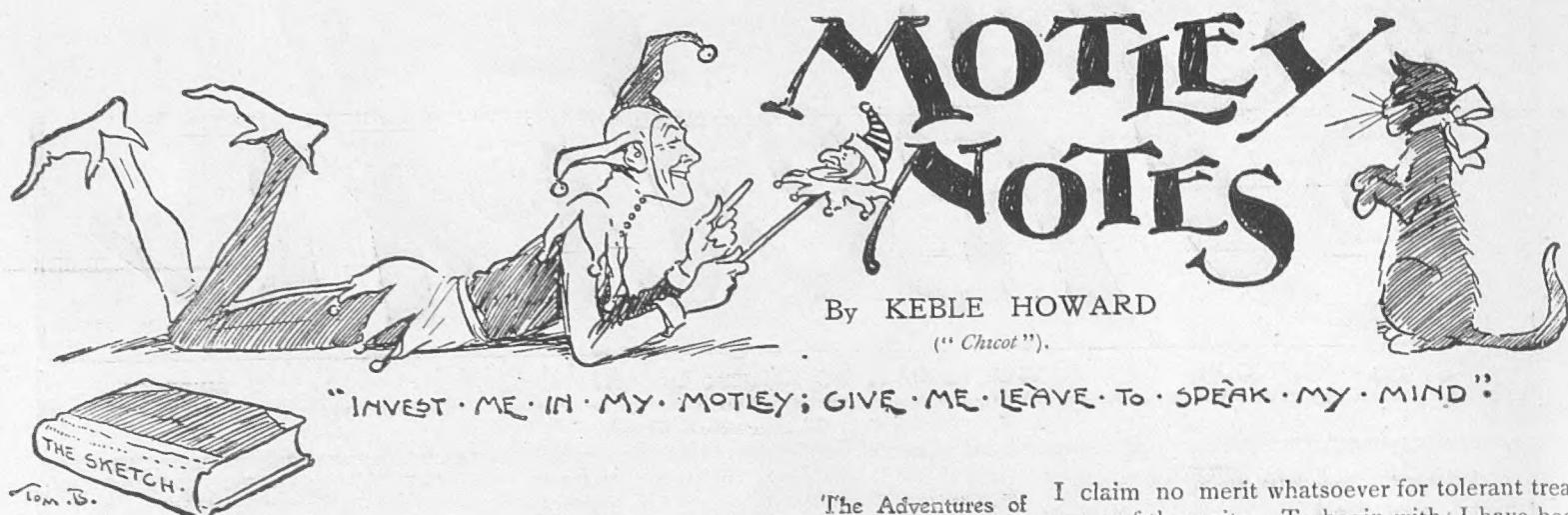
SIXPENCE.



"A BRIGHT LITTLE FELLOW AND A GOOD SHOT": MISS BETTY CALLISH AS CUPID
IN "ORPHEUS IN THE UNDERGROUND," AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

Cupid plays an important part in the new version of Offenbach's "Orphée aux Enfers," and even succeeds in piercing Mrs. Grundy's heart with one of his arrows.

Photograph by F. W. Burford.



The Waits.

Good King Wenceslas looked out
On the feast of Stephen,
And the snow lay round about,
Deep, and crisp, and even.

It is the fashion to sneer at the waits. It is considered quite the thing to shudder at the very suggestion of waits.

"Oh, those dreadful people!" cries the lady of the house.
"Run out at once, Mary, and tell them to go away!"

The shrill melody continues, as bravely as ever, for a few moments longer; then it wavers as Mary delivers her message; finally, it dies altogether. You hear the patter of departing feet; the front door is shut with a bang; the waits have gone.

God bless the master of this house,
Likewise the mistress true,
And all the little children
Around the table, too.

"Away with your blessings!" says the "mistress true." "Who wants them? My husband, and my children, and myself can get along very nicely, thank you, without the blessings of such shivering, starved, luckless urchins as yourselves! If you were rich, and finely clad, and well fed, and influential, how warmly would we welcome you! Nothing could be too good for you! We would invite you into the house, and set food before you (because you wanted it not), and accept your blessings with the greatest thankfulness! As it is—faugh! Shoo them away, Mary!"

A Visit.

I was sitting at my desk, a few evenings ago, when the shrill carolling of the waits floated up to me. The volume of sound was not large. Indeed, it could scarcely be dignified by the name of volume; a thin pamphlet of sound would be the apter description.

I sat back and listened. One carol ended, there was a brief consultation, and then another began. Somebody was making a very fair shot at "seconds." He (or she) was a little doubtful about it, but the idea was right, and there was plenty of pluck to back it up.

A third and a fourth carol followed, until, at last, they came to "Good King Wenceslas"—

Bring me flesh and bring me wine.

That line finished me. "Bring me flesh and bring me wine"! How pathetically incongruous this desire for wine sounded, coming from those young and innocent lips. . . . I opened the window, and the singing stopped at once. I closed it again, and "Good King Wenceslas" was renewed—

Page and monarch forth they went,
Forth they went together.

Ten minutes later, I went down. Three very small boys were standing round a tray in the hall, eagerly devouring prunes and custard. They liked this fare better than flesh and wine, I fancy, for I learned afterwards that they had finished the lot.

"Which is the eldest?" I asked.

"Me, Sir," replied the smallest of the three.

"Oh. Well, you mustn't come every night, you know."

"No, Sir."

"You can come again on Christmas night, if you like."

"Thank you, Sir."

The Adventures of
a Wait.

I claim no merit whatsoever for tolerant treatment of the waits. To begin with, I have been a wait myself, and I know how galling it is, to employ a mild word, to be rebuffed.

Our party was not large—some six or eight in all. We carried a lantern, some hymn-books, and some loose music. We were fairly strong in trebles, but very weak in harmony. Still, our hearts were filled to bursting with the spirit of Christmas, and we were determined to do our best. The night was dark and cold, and there was a strong wind blowing from the east. What of that?

Our first experiment was very encouraging. We had not been at work more than five minutes, when the hall-door was flung wide, and we were invited into the hall. It was much nicer in the hall than out on the drive, but we were all a little self-conscious. However, mince-pies and hot coffee set us at our ease. We were a success!

Our next "pitch" was not so fortunate. Our lantern was blown out, and we had to do the best we could without it. Our répertoire was sadly limited by the accident, and I think we sang "Hark! the herald angels sing" three times. This elicited a polite message of thanks and twopence. Evidently, the master of the house and his mistress true were not spending much on "herald angels."

We managed to light the lantern again, and now plunged further afield. The house for which we were bound stood some little distance from the main road, and we approached it by a narrow, winding path.

The first pure, liquid notes were answered by a savage barking of dogs! We faltered. Some held on, some stopped altogether, and one base fellow hinted that the dogs were being let loose. That was quite enough! We turned and ran like mad down that narrow, winding path. I fell heavily, but they waited for me at the little gate that led on to the high road.

We decided to make one more call. There was a private lunatic asylum hard by, and it seemed to us that the poor inmates should not be deprived of our music. We crept up the drive, and stationed ourselves in front of a large, curtained window. Once more the "herald angels" took up the glad strain, and I shall never forget the result. In an instant, as it seemed, every window was filled with gibbering faces! Our hosts were extremely annoyed! They thumped upon the windows, they screamed, they made hideous faces! Again we flew, faster, much faster, than we had flown from the barking dogs! That ended the adventures of the evening and my personal experiences as a wait.

Justice!

Of course, the first people were the only people who did the right thing. If you consider the matter in a fair spirit, it is a great privilege to be waited upon by the waits. You are inside, warm and snug; they are outside in the cold and dark. Their voices may be feeble and their words hackneyed, but the message they bring is none the less sacred for that.

Besides, how inconsistent it is to turn the waits from your door without reward. If a boy carries your bag for you, you give him sixpence. If a loafer opens the door of your cab for you—a task that you are quite capable of performing for yourself—you give him a penny. But the waits—oh, nothing for the waits!

Come, Sir! Come, Madam! Deal gently and kindly with these little people. The day is not greatly distant, maybe, when you will be so far off that their childish voices shall trouble your ears no more.

THE GAUCHE GAEKWAR: AN APOLOGETIC INDIAN PRINCE.



CAUSE OF MUCH COMMENT AT THE DELHI DURBAR AND AFTER: THE GAEKWAR OF BARODA.

Comment having been made on Durbar Day on the seemingly indifferent manner in which the Gaekwar of Baroda paid homage to the King-Emperor, the Viceroy has published, with his Highness's consent, a letter in which the Maharajah assures Lord Hardinge of his loyalty and allegiance to the Throne. The Gaekwar sets down his failure to observe exact etiquette to nervous confusion in the presence of their Majesties before the great assembly, and states that, being the second among the feudatory princes and failing to see exactly what the Nizam of Hyderabad did, he had no chance of observing the others do homage. He further expresses sorrow for the mishap. In the "Times" the other day, it was said: "It is no secret that the behaviour of the Gaekwar at the King's Coronation at Westminster provoked a good deal of unfavourable comment amongst those present who were familiar with Indian customs and etiquette. At various periods . . . his Highness has shown a tendency to disregard the duties imposed upon him by the relations of the State of Baroda to the supreme Government. But it is only since 1905 that his conduct has been open to very serious stricture." Inset is a portrait of the Gaekwar's wife, the Maharani of Baroda. She, of course, had nothing to do with the above-mentioned incident at the Durbar.—[Photographs by C. Vandyk and Langster.]

CREATORS OF FIERCE FUN: INGENIOUS "PARTY" TRICKS.



1. MORE THAN A MATCH FOR THE SMOKER—THE "LIGHTS" CANNOT BE TAKEN FROM THE BOX.
2. THE SCENT OF THE DESCENT—WHEN THE BOTTLE IS UNCORKED, THE SCENT FALLS THROUGH THE BOTTLE.
3. PRODUCERS OF A PANEFUL SENSATION—THE METAL PLATES, DROPPED, MIMIC BREAKING GLASS.
4. THE BUTTER-BEETLE OF INDIA(RUBBER).

5. THE SNAKE IN THE—MUTOSCOPE.
6. MORE ALARMING THAN THE EFFORTS OF A BAD BILLIARD-PLAYER—THE "BURNING" CIGARETTE.
7. NOT WORTH PUTTING IN YOUR POCKET—IMITATION BILLIARD CHALK.
8. THE SMOKE JOKE—THE CIGARS ARE FIXED TO THE CASE.

9. THE SELL-ULOID BEETLE—FOR PLACING IN DRINKS.
10. NOT FRESH FROM THE FARM—THE "CHICK" IN THE EGG.
11. POINTLESS JOKES—USELESS PENCILS.
12. A CAUSE OF BLUE-BLACK LOOKS—SPILT "INK."
13. NO YOKE—THE BROKEN "EGG."
14. "ENGAGEMENT BREAKERS"—CHOCOLATE-WOOLS.
15. MIS-PLACED INGENUITY: FRIED—WOOD.

We do not guarantee our readers against any mental or moral damage they may receive after having played the practical jokes here illustrated! Perhaps Mr. Lloyd George will oblige with another special Insurance Bill which will meet the case? (For full details see paragraph elsewhere). [Photographs by Charles F. Clarke.]

THE CASE! A CASUALTY IN A BASKET.



THE RED CROSS IN THE ABOR COUNTRY: HOW WOUNDED ARE CARRIED ON THE BACK
DURING THE PUNITIVE EXPEDITION.

The men taking part in the Abor Expedition on the Assam border encounter many sights that are strange in the eyes of those unaccustomed to native methods of warfare. For example, the "Illustrated London News" recently published some very interesting photographs of head-hunters and ex-head-hunters, who are employed in connection with the expedition as jungle-clearers and carriers. One of these photographs showed one native cutting another's hair by beating it against the edge of a battle-axe blade. Others illustrated the extraordinary costumes of the Nagas, including caps ornamented with tufts of human hair. We give here a remarkable photograph showing the Naga method of carrying the wounded, in a basket on the back. The native in the basket has been wounded in the hand, which is bandaged and in a sling.

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How to See Italy. Douglas Sladen. 7s. 6d.
net.Scottish Ghost Stories. Elliott O'Donnell.
3s. 6d. net.Tee Shots and Others. Bernard Darwin.
3s. 6d. net.Blacklegs and Others. Hilda Cowham.
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The Lighter Side of Irish Life. George
A. Birmingham. Illustrated by Henry
Kerr. 5s. net.Hunting Songs. George J. Whyte-Melville
Illustrated by G. D. Giles. 5s. net.

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Tannhäuser. Illustrated by Willy Pogány.
15s. net.

SAMSON LOW.

Guide to South and East Africa. 2s. 6d.

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can and Guy Thorne. 15s. net.Modern Dancing and Dancers. J. E.
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Medley of Birthdays. E. F. A. B. 5s. net.

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Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full name and address of the sender legibly written. In the case of batches of photographs and drawings, the name and address should be written on each photograph or drawing.

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INGENIOUS "PARTY" TRICKS.

(See Illustrations elsewhere.)

1. The "lights" are below a sheet of celluloid, and so cannot be taken out of the box.
2. The perfume remains in the bottle so long as the cork is in place; when the cork is removed, it runs out of a hole in the bottom of the bottle.
3. The bunch of metal plates, dropped upon the floor, give an amazingly realistic imitation of the breaking of glass.
4. The indiarubber beetle is guaranteed to startle even the least fastidious when found in the butter-dish or in some other place in which the real, live thing should not be.
5. The handle of the "mutoscope" is turned by someone eager to see the living pictures. The action releases the snake, which pops out of the box, bent on giving a fright.
6. This cigarette, so devised that it seems to be alight, is placed upon the billiard-cloth, or, indeed, any other cloth, and causes great consternation until picked up hurriedly and found out.
7. This billiard—"chalk" is made of wood, but is so lifelike that a player may rub his cue on it several times before discovering that it is a snare and a delusion.
8. It is impossible to remove the "cigars" from the case.
9. The "insect" is guaranteed to be a cause of "language" when found lurking in drink. It is of celluloid.
10. A real egg-shell is made to contain a fearsome rubber "chick."
11. The first pencil is of metal; the second contains a pencil which flies back into the case when placed on paper; the third has a rubber "lead"; the fourth "buckles" at the case when used.
12. The spilled ink is nothing worse than a coloured "slab" of rubber.
13. The shell is real; the "yolk" is of coloured rubber.
14. The "chocolate creams" contain wool instead of cream.
15. The "fish" is of wood, covered with fried batter.

Those readers of tender years who rejoiced in "The Adventures of Kendrick Montgomery Stuart" will rejoice once more in the further adventures of that hero as related in "Stuart and Son" (Bickers) by Miss May Mulliner. The incidents of Kendrick's travels are told in verse, accompanied by illustrations in black, white, and red. The red comes in particularly useful in depicting such things as sunsets, cannibals' cooking-fires, and the Red Sea. Both the verses and the pictures are full of the right sort of humour for the young people for whom they are meant.

On or before January 1, 1912, the first duty of man (and woman) is to purchase a new diary, a commodity which, as certain stylists would put it, is indissolubly linked with the name of Letts. But though it was Letts who invented these world-famous and most useful publications, they have for the last quarter of a century issued from the house of Cassell. Letts' diaries are of a Protean variety of size and shape, and special editions can be had for India, South Africa, Australasia, and other colonies. Each diary contains an accident insurance coupon, which, if it does not exactly insure invulnerability, insures a substantial sum by way of consolation.

"Whitaker's Almanack" was only eight years old when it founded the Indian Empire. The thrilling story shall be told in the words of its publisher, in introducing the 1912 edition. "In the House of Commons on February 17, 1876, Mr. Disraeli introduced the Royal Titles Bill, by which Queen Victoria was to assume the title of Empress of India. The Marquess of Hartington (afterwards Duke of Devonshire), in opposing, asked whether the Indian Empire existed. Mr. Disraeli, producing the current edition, assured the noble Marquess that in 'Whitaker' at all events the Indian Empire had for some time secured a place. The Bill was carried, and Queen Victoria became Empress of India."

No alteration in general arrangement has been made in the 1912 edition of that excellent work "Lodge's Peerage" (Kelly's Directories, Ltd.), though it has, of course, been brought up to date with the usual care and thoroughness. The new volume makes the eighty-first issue, and each year it increases in value and usefulness. The distinctive feature of "Lodge" is that it treats baronets with the same detail as peers. The Knightage portion of the book contains some account of the family of every member of the various Orders, where it has been possible to obtain such information, and the Companionage is treated in a somewhat similar way. "Lodge" is a fat book for its modest price of a guinea. The heraldic illustrations are very numerous and interesting.

Life without "Who's Who?" (A. and C. Black) would nowadays be inconceivable. This indispensable volume has become an integral part of the social fabric. Were it suddenly to be withdrawn from circulation, all sorts of awkward contretemps and deadlocks would occur. The machinery of life would get hopelessly stuck, for no one would know who anybody else was, or what they had done, or where they lived. The world is now so full of a number of people, as well as of things, that it would be absolutely impossible to remember all these details with the unaided human memory. We should all have to compile our own little "Who's Who's," and a very laborious task we should find it. As it is, all that trouble is saved us, and the desired information concisely stated within the familiar vermillion covers. Next to "Who's Who" should lie the "Who's Who Year-Book," a shilling volume containing lists of public officials and dignitaries, and other well-known people.



THE CLUBMAN

Imperial Calcutta. Calcutta, though it will be basking this coming New Year's Day in the reflected glory of having within its gates behind the Maharatta Ditch both an Emperor and a Viceroy, will be thinking somewhat sadly that in a few years' time, instead of being the winter residence both of a Viceroy and a Lieutenant-Governor, it will hold only a Governor. There will be plenty of social questions as well as political questions to be settled before the great change takes place, and one of these questions will be, in what house will the Governor of Bengal live? Government House, which stands in the town of Calcutta and close to the Hugli, is an imposing building, but it was copied from Kedleston Hall, Derbyshire, in the days of Lord Wellesley, and a great house fitted to the climate of the North of England is not suitable to the warm climate of Bengal. It has fine public rooms, but the living-rooms leave much to be desired, and if the Viceroy has many guests staying with him during the winter the men amongst these usually sleep in tents.

Belvedere. Belvedere, the fine house which is the residence of the Lieutenant-Governor, is far more suited to the Indian climate, though it is not a house with very spacious public rooms or very many private ones. It has a great drawing-room, which is used as a ballroom, and is a very pleasant specimen of the houses in which our great-grandfathers lived when they went to India. It has fine grounds, and in these the duel between Warren Hastings and Sir Philip Francis was fought. The house stands at Alipur, a suburb of Calcutta, its immediate neighbours being the Alipur Gaol and the Zoological Gardens. The transference of the Viceregal residence from Calcutta to Delhi is not likely to affect Calcutta Society to any great extent. The merchant princes of Calcutta are the dominant factors in society there, and Calcutta will look on his Excellency the Governor as being its own property, whereas it has to share the Viceroy with Simla. Darjeeling, the hill station on the borders of Sikkim, to which the Governor will retire during the very hot weather, has always been a satellite station to Calcutta, and it will now rejoice in being the summer residence of a Governor instead of that of a Lieutenant-Governor.

Barrackpur. Barrackpur, higher up the Hugli, where the Viceroy has always had a house which formed a pleasant week-end retreat, may cease to contain a Viceregal residence, for a Governor is not likely to consider justifiable the expense of keeping on foot two establishments in the plains. The people who will have the most cause to regret the rise of Delhi at the expense of Calcutta are the tradesmen who find it necessary to have establishments wherever the Viceregal court is located. But there are obvious conveniences in the move of the "offices" of Government, and the legion of Babus who accompany them, from Simla to Delhi and back instead of from Calcutta to Simla and back, the journey being a good deal shorter. There will be a pleasant task for the experts in uniforms in designing a new dress for the

bodyguard of the Governor of Bengal, and when Calcutta has got over its first disappointment, life under the rule of a Governor will be found just as pleasant and a little less formal than life under the rule of a Viceroy.

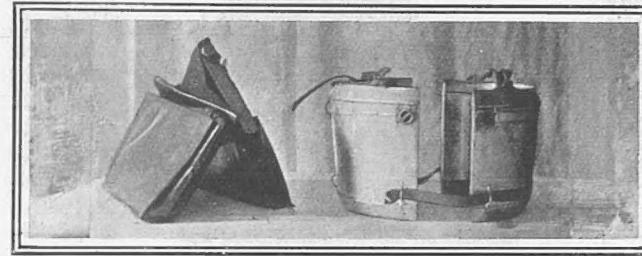
The New Capital. The exact position of the new town of the capital city of Delhi has been fixed by the laying of two foundation-stones by the King and the Queen in

the camp of the Government of India, a position next door to the King-Emperor's camp on the vast plain which lies behind the ridge. A Government House will be the first necessity of the new official city, for the great fort that Shah Jehan built in the old city, though it was suited to the requirements of a Mogul Emperor and his harem, is quite unsuited to a modern Viceroy. There are cool, dark chambers, with windows of pierced marble in the old fort; there are some delightful baths, and there are great reception-halls, and an exquisite little mosque, the Pearl Mosque, which always seemed to

me the most beautiful thing in India; but there is not a room in the whole fort which is suited to modern requirements. The mistake made at Calcutta of copying a great English house as the residence of a Viceroy in India is not likely to be repeated at Delhi, for our architects have learned to adapt their buildings to climatic conditions.

Those Who Will Where the Follow the Viceroy. Commander-in-Chief also be. This means a second great house. The members of the Viceroy's Council, the heads of departments, will also require dwelling-places, but these will no doubt be supplied by private enterprise. A whole nest of Government offices will be built, and I should think that it is probable that all the great ruling princes of India will find it convenient to have a house at Delhi. New hotels are sure to rise there, for Delhi more than ever will now become a great centre for tourists; new barracks will be built, for a suitable escort and guard must always be where the Viceroy is. Karachi may gain as a port by its propinquity to Delhi, and what the northern port gains Bombay will lose.

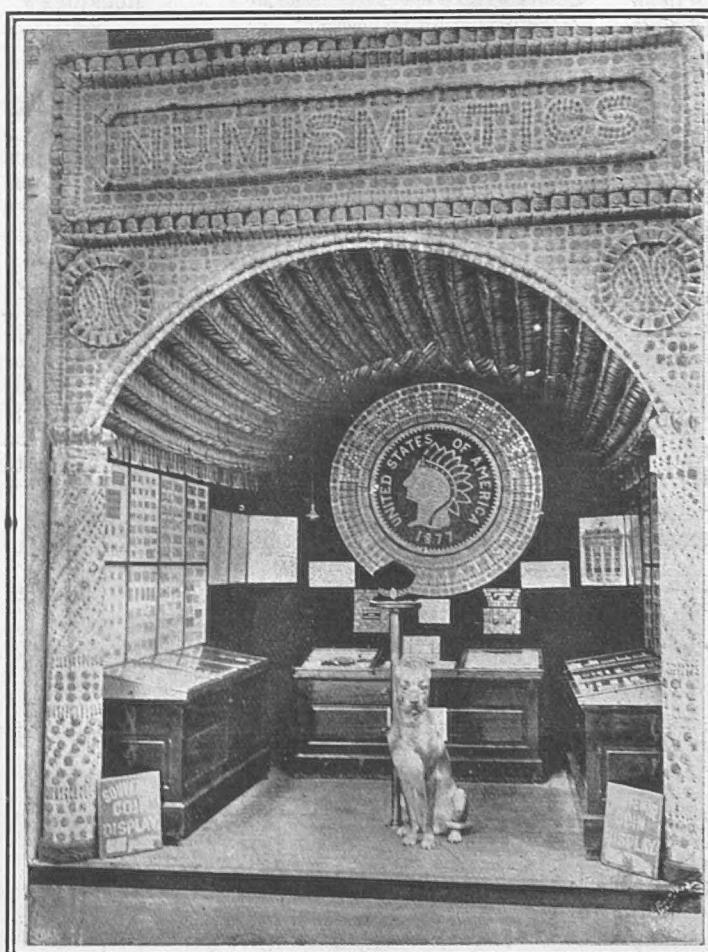
Calcutta and One of the necessities of the new city Delhi Clubs. of Delhi will be a larger club than it at present contains. I have memories of a very pleasant station club just outside the old city of Delhi and close to the site of the new city. The accommodation of this club will, however, be over-taxed unless it greatly extends its borders. The two great clubs of Calcutta, the Bengal and the United Service, are likely to suffer somewhat by the change in the capital of India, for many men who come with the Viceroy and the Commander-in-



FOR THE TRANSPORT OF SMUGGLED LIQUID: A PORTFOLIO COVER HIDING TWO CANS; AND A BODY-TANK FOR FASTENING ABOUT THE WAIST.

These devices of the smuggler are to be seen, in company with others, in the Museum of Fraud installed at the Préfecture of Police in Paris.

Photograph by Delius.



WITH WALL-PAPER OF THE FACE VALUE OF 10,000 DOLLARS: A STALL AT A CHICAGO EXHIBITION COVERED WITH BANKNOTES.

This stall was a prominent feature of an annual convention of the Numismatic Association, held at Chicago a while ago.—[Photograph by C.N.]

Chief to Calcutta in the winter keeping their rooms in them all the year round. The Bengal club has in recent years been rebuilt, and is now, I should imagine, the most splendid club in the world. It is the most palatial of all the palaces which face the great Maidan of Calcutta. There have also been additions of late years made to the United Service Club.



SMALL TALK

FOR most people Christmas means a repetition of familiar moods and events, but for the King and his Prime Minister the season has meant notable changes. Last year His Majesty and Queen Mary saw the fetching and carrying of mistletoe and holly at Brocket Hall. The first days of the New Year were spent at Ken Hill, Raynham Park, and Holkham Hall, where, on English soil among English birds, his Majesty came to be known as the King of the True Eye. In India he renounces many comfortable grey days of quiet shooting for the glare of an Eastern festival—a renunciation that not all the men who shot beside him twelve months ago have been willing to make with him. Hardly less changed is Mr. Asquith's lot. Last December he slept with a list of thirty-five applicants for peerages under his pillow, and a threatening cloud of creations obscured his horizon. His dreams, he confesses, were haunted by a Santa Claus weeping under a burden of coronets for which he could find no suitable stockings. This year he has nothing on his mind : Mr. Lloyd George bears the burdens. But it is Mr. Asquith, with the youth of Balliol renewed in his bones, who has promised to attend a performance of "Oedipus Rex" in the New Year.



MOTHER OF AN HEIR
TO THE EARLDOM OF
ALBEMARLE: VISCOUNTESS
BURY.

Viscountess Bury, wife of Lord Albemarle's heir, gave birth to a son on December 17. Her first child, the Hon. Cecilia Keppel, was born last year. Before her marriage, which took place in 1909, Lady Bury was known as Lady Myee Carrington, daughter of the first Earl Carrington.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

the last loud word, the Session came to an end among a buzz of sounds that meant nothing to the general listener. With a fine sense of the value of contrasts, Mr. Lowther, after lending his presence to his own and Mrs. Lowther's reception, departed for holiday-making in Russia, a land as little given to free speech as any he could think of. Mr. Asquith left immediately for Scotland, where no porter charges less than six-pence a word; and Mr. Balfour has not, as was reported,

spent any of his holiday in the South of France, where everybody is an orator. Although all the papers sent him off to Cannes, he never left this country, and is now at Whittingehame. Mr. Winston Churchill has gone—inland.



The "dear old Carlists" Limit.

and the Shavians are still at feud. His émigrés are even trying to rob the new Examiner of Plays of the glory of the *mots* claimed for him by his friends. It is pointed out that it was not he, but his father, who curbed the unruly Tennyson with a word. When the Laureate insisted upon putting his feet on the dinner-table before the meal was quite at an end, Brookfield whispered with instant effect, "Do take your feet down, Alfred; they will be saying you're Longfellow."

The Contrast Cure. The Speaker, having had, as is his right,

Miss Louvina Knollys, whose way to the altar was past whole barricades of silver and through chains of gold, has been shown that the December bride is no less in the minds of her shopping friends than the bride of other seasons. Her magnificent array of presents disposes of the pitiful argument of the little girl who, being born on Christmas Day, maintained that her uncles and aunts despatched two festivals with one gift. And the multiplication of offerings at the Christmas Eve christening of Joan, daughter of Lord and Lady Ingesterre, helps to prove that uncles and aunts do not always seize an unfair advantage. The nursery cupboards at Ingesterre—the scene of the christening—are hard put to it to give proper housing to Joan's toys. But what of Lord Morley, the Dukes of Portland and of Norfolk, and Lord Marcus Beresford, whose birthdays fall either on the 25th, or perilously near it? Have they no complaints of forgotten dates and stockings?

The Road-Star. Mr. Vanderbilt's bland smile and open countenance seemed to take everybody on the Brighton road into his confidence.

For the faces that made an habitual appearance



ENGAGED TO MR. ALLAN
W. G. CAMPBELL:
LADY MOYA MELISENDE
BROWNE.

Lady Moya is the second daughter of the Earl of Altamont, eldest son of the Marquess of Sligo, and was born in 1892. Mr. Allan W. G. Campbell, of the Coldstream Guards, is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Allan Campbell, of 21, Upper Brook Street.

Photograph by Lafayette.

at window or doorway as he went by he had the ready salute; like the sailor with a wife in every port, he had a friend in every town, village and hamlet, and all without a word. Of a famous officer, well known at the Admiralty, a sailor once exclaimed: "'Im marry; why, he'd sooner 'ug a torpedo'; and of Mr. Vanderbilt it was fondly thought by many an impossible she who kept a sharp ear for the clattering hoofs of his greys that he was a confirmed bachelor of the road, who never again would have to go with any harness save that in which his horses ran. And then, of a sudden, to hear of him married in Reigate, with a motor to carry him to the registry office, and a motor to carry him from it! Mr. Vanderbilt is not unconscious of his audience, "I will never face them again" (thus he is reported) "without my wife on the box to keep me in countenance."

1911.

Wishing you

a Merry Christmas

and a

Happy New Year,

from

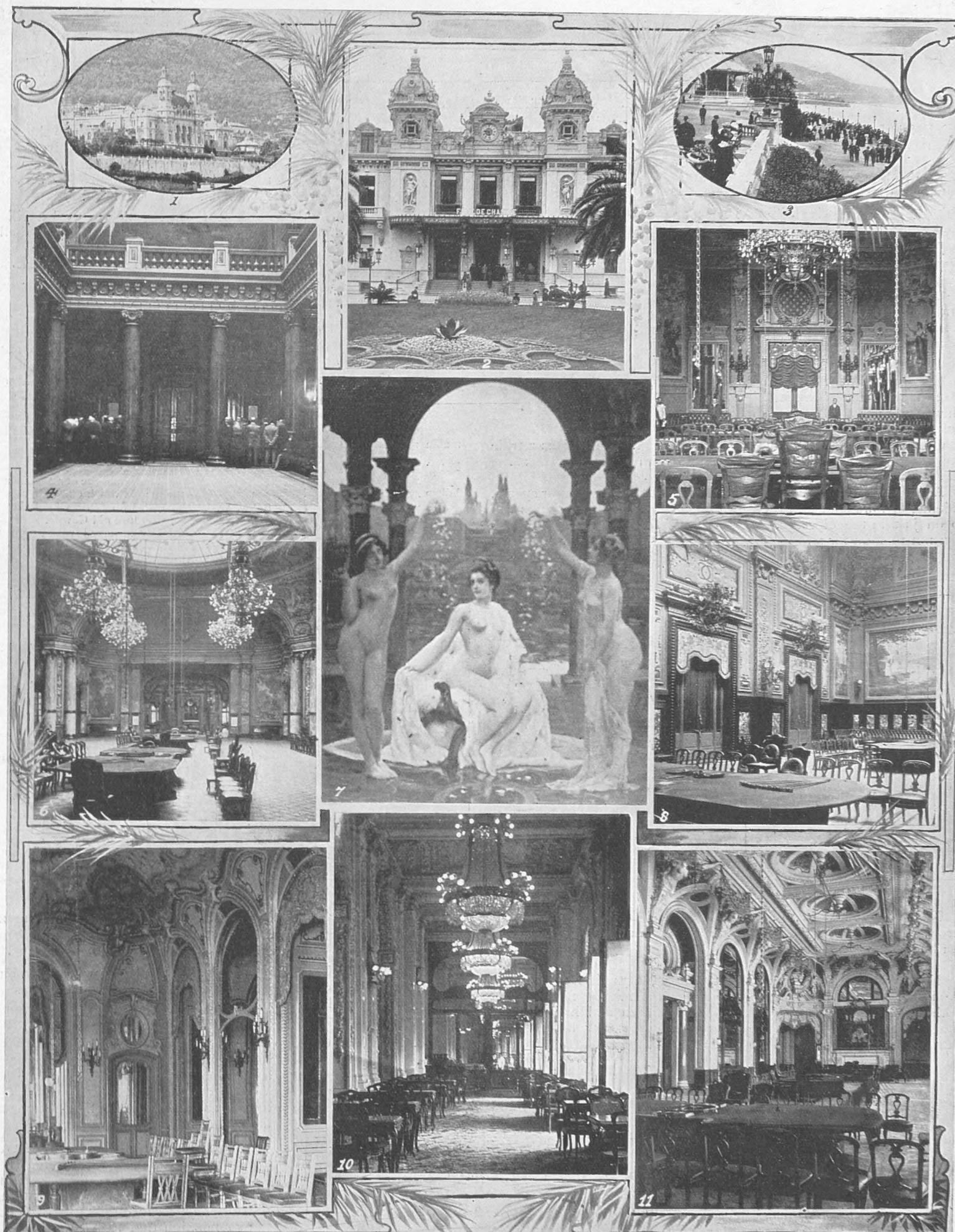


WITH A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY AN ORDINARY SEAMAN: THE FRONT, THE LEFT CENTRE, AND THE RIGHT CENTRE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES'S CHRISTMAS CARD.

The smiling photograph which forms a part of his Royal Highness's Christmas card was taken aboard the "Hindustan" by an ordinary seaman, and is published by the King's express permission.

By kind permission of the Rotary Photographic Co., Ltd., London, E.C., who supplied the Cards to His Royal Highness.

WHERE THE FICKLE GODDESS IS WOOED: MONTE CARLO.



1. LIKE A FAIRY PALACE: THE FAMOUS CASINO FROM THE SEA.

2. THE THRESHOLD OF HOPE: THE ENTRANCE TO THE SALOONS AND OPERA-HOUSE.

3. BEYOND THE SEA: ONE OF THE BEAUTIFUL TERRACES FRONTING THE MEDITERRANEAN.

4. WHERE THE SUITORS OF FORTUNE GATHER: THE VESTIBULE OF THE CASINO.

5. TABLES WHERE FORTUNES ARE LOST AND WON: THE SALLE GARNIER.

6. THE FAMOUS ROULETTE TABLES: THE GRAND SALOON AT MONTE CARLO.

7. A CASE IN WHICH PARIS WOULD HAVE FOUND IT HARD TO GIVE JUDGMENT: GERVAIS' PAINTING OF "THE THREE GRACES OF FLORENCE," IN THE WHITE SALOON.

8. WITH TABLES READY FOR PLAY: THE TRENTET-ET-QUARANTE SALOON.

9. WHERE ROULETTE IS PLAYED: THE ROSE SALOON.

10. WHERE THE SUITORS OF FORTUNE SIT AT THEIR CUPS: THE SALLE DE CAFÉ.

11. SHOWING THE ROULETTE TABLES: THE INTERIOR OF THE WHITE SALOON.

The famous Casino at Monte Carlo, in the Principality of Monaco, may well be described as a temple of Fortune, for there probably more fortunes are lost and won on the chances of the gaming-tables than in any other building in the world. One of the attributes of the Roman Goddess Fortuna was a ball, with which she represented the uncertainty of fortune; and it is on the chances of a rolling ball that some seekers after excitement and possible wealth stake their money and their hopes. That the goddess is richly shrined may be seen from our photographs of the Casino and its beautiful saloons. Blessed as it is with a warm and brilliant climate, and facing the blue Mediterranean on the lovely shores of the Riviera, it is not surprising that Monte Carlo is one of the favourite playgrounds of Europe.—[Photographs by Horace W. Nicholls.]

CUFF COMMENTS

By WADHAM PEACOCK. WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW.

BENGAL has been consoled in a truly Gilbertian fashion. It shed inky tears over being split in two, so now it has been joined up again and divided into three parts like Gaul. A nice little Christmas present.

In Berlin, according to the *Evening News*, they have opened a school for lovers, where young men and maidens are taught how to make themselves attractive to each other. It is only in Berlin that such a school could possibly be needed.

Certain dull persons in Paris have been fulminating against high heels. They say that high heels contract the muscles of the toes and legs, and that they cause varicose veins if worn long enough. What does a trifler like that matter to a woman so long as high heels are smart?

Advice to those who go to fancy-dress balls. "Do not wear spears, tridents, or long spurs," says a fashion article. And yet things will go on just in the old, sweet way. You might as well expect a gas-man not to look for an escape with a lighted match as for Britannia not to go to a ball with an eye-spiking tool with three prongs.



Australia has come nobly to the front, and has purchased the Progressive Wilderness in Aldwych. Nothing but a young nation of pioneers could cope with that monument of waste and folly.

Fort Friedrichsort wrecked a village restaurant near Kiel with a live shell a day or two ago. Probably the commandant wanted to make sure that Mr. Churchill was not there eating sauerkraut, and disguised as a peasant.

Ex-Sultan Abdul Hamid's jewels only sold for a beggarly quarter of a million. And everyone imagined that he simply swallowed in diamonds! It was hardly worth dethroning the poor old chap to get so little out of it.

THAT EVENING BELL

(In some parts of London it is said that the muffin man is to be forbidden to ring his bell for the future.)

Betwixt the daylight and the dark,
'Twixt real and artificial light,
When sudden flaming gas-lamps mark
The crescent shadows of the night,
There comes a sound divinely sweet,
With boldly throbbing sink and swell,
I hear it chiming down the street,
The tea-suggesting muffin-bell.

And there are beadles Bumble-souled
Who fain would see our Muffins pass
Into the limbos which enfold
The man who used to light the gas,
Up, ye, who love old Cowper's meal,
His cosy-curtained room, and tell
These Vandals that they shall not steal
The memory-haunted muffin-bell!



Next year will be Leap Year, so be careful, Percy, or you may be throwing yourself away on someone quite unworthy of you before you know where you are.

Hetty Green, America's richest woman, says that the U.S.A. are in an awful state because the women think of nothing but clothes and amusement, and feed their children and husbands on tinned food. That is why the poor men come over here. They want to get something to eat that has not got the Chicago flavour.

SEEING IT IN.

(Crowds of persons, said to be principally Scotch, see the New Year in with pagan festivities in St. Paul's Churchyard, instead of over a blazing log-fire in a cosy dining-room.)

Let Scotchmen invade that churchyard in the City,
Which fronts the Cathedral of London's St. Paul;
Yes, let them! For my part, I see nothing witty
In freezing and shivering for nothing at all.
Let sluggards and dandlings crawl off at ten-thirty,
To creep into bed and ignore Father Time;
But we, though the weather be never so dirty,
Keep warm by the fire while we wait for the chime!

Then mix we a jorum of steaming hot toddy,
The drink Mr. Pickwick and Jorrocks held dear;
It heals all diseases of mind and of body,
So it surely can't hurt you one night in the year.
With the logs brightly burning, our feet on the fender,
We'll drink the old toast that can never grow stale,
To the Old Year and New Year alike we will send a
Unanimous, hearty, and rousing *Was Hael!*

Samuel Safes are regular kill-joys. All the pleasure of saving money is destroyed when you cannot knock the bottom out of the money-box whenever you feel that you have amassed enough for a feast.

Folkestone wishes to be known as the silent town, where birds may not sing, dogs may not bark, and costermongers may not shout above a whisper. Here at last McDuffer will be able to putt without being put off his game by some unhallowed noise.

Dr. Black, of Chicago as you guessed, has invented a "jaw-meter" by which he proves that to bite a steak requires a force of 80 pounds. Where did he catch that young and tender steak? Not in a Chicago restaurant, at any rate.

Furthermore, Dr. Black says that the average man can bite with a force equal to 150 pounds weight, while the average woman can only show a force of 108 pounds. This can only be explained on the supposition that it is the tongue and not the jaw that gets all the exercise.

It is interesting to know that the Lord Chamberlain has a chamber of horrors where he keeps the plays which he is ashamed to let loose on the British public. If Mr. Harcourt and Mr. Barker do not take care they will get three months' solitary confinement apiece among these gruesome relics.



OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!



READY FOR ACTION: THE CARD HELD UP THE SLEEVE
BY THE DEVICE, AND READY TO HAND.



THE KNAVE! AN INGENIOUS LAZY-TONGS DEVICE THRUSTING A CARD
INTO THE HAND.

Our photographs illustrate an ingenious device favoured by certain cheating gamblers. That it may be shown properly, it has been placed outside the clothes; in the ordinary way, of course, it is hidden by the sleeve and by the waistcoat and trousers.—[Photographs by P.G. Press Bureau.]



CAGED! A WELL-BARRED CHINESE PRISON.



A "GHOST" IN A PROCESSION: A STRANGE PHOTOGRAPH.

Of the second of these two photographs, our correspondent writes: "In the native state of Mandi, at the annual festival of Shabbarat, when Hindus offer prayers and sacrifice in the name of their departed ancestors, some seventy-two gods are collected in the city, and a festival, accompanied by much merrymaking, is held. The photograph shows two of the gods, each with a solid silver canopy and with two rows of faces, worked some in silver, some in gold, and some in brass—and their attendant drummers. It was some time after I had taken the photograph that I noticed the figure on the print on the right-hand side. You will see it is of a native suspended, as if hanged by the neck above the crowd. His head is bare, and his clothes are different not only from those of all the rest of the persons in the picture, but from any I have yet seen in Mandi, the long coat and knee-breeches not being the dress of the country. Hanging is the method of execution used for capital offences in the State, and though gallows are not now erected publicly, it is said to be possible that an execution once took place on this site. Is this, then, a ghost? The film is too clear for there to have been a double exposure, and I guarantee that there is no fake. Indeed, I have not solved the mystery myself."



IN A "LORD MAYOR'S" COACH: THE MIKADO'S BIRTHDAY
PROCESSION.



IN CHAIN ARMOUR AND MASKED: A CAMEL BAKHTAR
OF TO-DAY.

With regard to the first of these two photographs, a correspondent writes: "I send you a snapshot taken on November 3, on the occasion of the Mikado's birthday. It is strictly prohibited to photograph his Majesty—or Teushisama, as they call him—so the picture is a rather rare one. A policeman nearly spoiled it by throwing himself in front of my camera."

Photo, Chas. J. L. Clarke.



By E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

The Christmas Season.

The Christmas season has set in with its customary severity, and the first specimen of its particular brand of entertainment was "The Golden Land of Fairy Tales," at the Aldwych. This is a translation by Messrs. Quaritch and Raye of a German work that has enjoyed a great success for many years on the Continent. In its English form it will certainly give pleasure to children, for whom it is, of course, intended. The adapter's efforts at writing verse are at times somewhat mechanical, and some of the rhymes march on in a stolid fashion that gets on one's nerves. There is a naïveté about the style which occasionally drops into baldness and causes a smile in the wrong place. On the other hand, the idea of giving half-a-dozen fairy-stories in a compressed form without the aid of low comedians from the "halls" is quite excellent, and I do not suppose the children will notice the comparative absence of the imaginative touch. They will, however, observe that some of the tales have been tampered with; and I can conceive that indignant resolutions will be passed in the nursery and schoolroom, about the abolition of Cinderella's fairy godmother and the warning to leave the ball before midnight, and the absence of the pumpkin and the mice. Indeed, as the piece stands, there is nothing to explain Cinderella's frantic departure at midnight, leaving her shoe behind her. Possibly the humours of the King's three Chamberlains might have been spared in order to make space for what has been omitted.

"The Golden Land of Fairy Tales." The best feature of the piece is the music of Herr Heinrich Berté, a great deal of which is charming, though at times he drops into musical-comedy tunes of a commonplace character. What the children will make of it I cannot tell: they will understand that there is music for dancing, but not appreciate the quantity of what in early days would have been called *melo-dramatic* music (alas! how the word has fallen from its high estate), and they will wonder, as I did, why no songs were introduced—not that I suggest the addition of numbers by some other composer. A great deal of money has been spent on the play, and I feel sure the elaborate scenes will be quite beautiful in the eyes of the young people. On the other hand, the modern grown-up who is hypercritical and inclined to be unduly captious might conceivably complain that there is a little too much of the old Christmas card or Valentine prettiness. As far as this production is concerned, the efforts of Mr. Gordon Craig and the shoal of his disciples and imitators are entirely overlooked, and there is not very much trace of imagination except in the successful reproduction of the "Sleeping Beauty" pictures of Burne-Jones. Doubtless holiday-makers will care little about this and find all the scenery delightful, and, as previously mentioned, the young folks, for whom the production is primarily designed, will certainly find in it abundant entertainment.



"THE GARDEN OF ALLAH," AT THE CENTURY, NEW YORK: MR. LEWIS WALLER AS BORIS ANDROVSKI.

"The Performers." One may praise many of the performers heartily. In Miss Florrie Lewis, Miss Mary Glynn, and Miss Elise Craven, the management has three very clever children whose work would be astounding in its precocity if one had not by now become accustomed to see children acting with a skill and confidence that would seem amazing, almost appalling, if there were only one or two of them. By-the-bye, Miss Craven surely ought to have a boy as a sweetheart, for when the grown-up Prince invited the child to be his bride, and asked her if she loved him, the house tittered at the manifest absurdity. Mr. Alfred Latell contributed greatly to the gaiety of the evening by his performance as the Wolf, the Cat, and the Bull-dog. Where on earth the designs for the Wolf were obtained I cannot guess; certainly not from the "Zoo." Perhaps that, too, does not matter; still, he was quite entertaining, particularly as the Bull-dog, and caused roars of laughter. Also there was a giant Ogre who was very effective, and Master Harold Barrett as a Hare amused the audience greatly, though I am still puzzled as to why all the yokels were supposed to be frightened by a hare: presumably there was some point which escaped me. Let me conclude in the Christmas spirit by saying that the reception was very favourable, and I notice that most people are delighted by "The Golden Land of Fairy-Tales."

A New Ann Whitefield.

Miss Pauline Chase has left the Criterion, and Miss Hilda Bruce-Potter, formerly in Miss Horniman's company, takes her place in "Man and Superman" as the odious, irresistible Ann. One could not expect her, or anybody else, to come within measurable distance of Miss Lillah McCarthy's performance



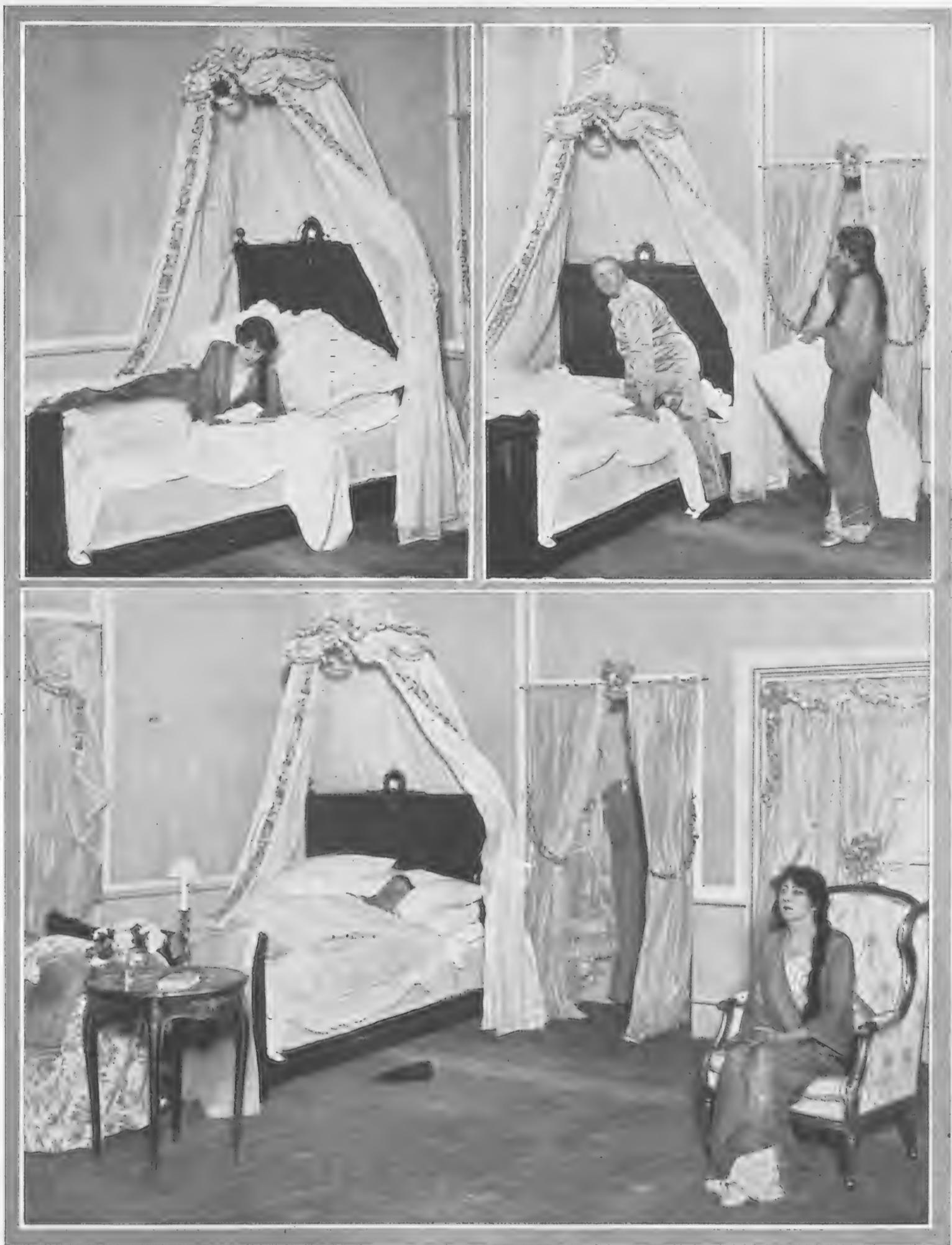
IN THE ROBERT HICHENS-MARY ANDERSON PLAY: MR. LEWIS WALLER AS BORIS IN "THE GARDEN OF ALLAH."

"The Garden of Allah," a dramatisation in four acts, by Robert Hichens and Mary Anderson, of the former's novel, was presented for the first time at the Century Theatre, New York, on October 21, with Mr. Lewis Waller as Boris Androvski. It is a great success; but it is evident that critics differ, as critics will. A writer in the "Theatre" says: "'The Garden of Allah' stands alone among recent plays in its spiritual elevation... The play has soul, but it is crude. It is a highly religious play."

Photographs by Foulsham and Bansfield.

in the part—a performance that I shall never forget. Putting this aside, Miss Bruce-Potter may be complimented upon an agreeable and clever accomplishment of a very difficult task; she has some humour and considerable charm and skill. No doubt, the magnetic attraction scene in the last act lost some of its force and meaning; but, despite this, she played very well. There is a new Enery Straker, for Mr. Edmund Gwenn has gone elsewhere. Mr. Cecil Cameron is wise enough to play the character differently, and Enery is still quite an amusing fellow. Of course, Mr. Robert Loraine's Tanner is altogether unlike that of Mr. Granville Barker, but his energy, his command of the stage, and suggestion of irrepressible vitality carry him through successfully. Indeed, in several ways he reminded me vividly of Sir Charles Wyndham in the long-gone days when Criterion farce was a brand by itself. One cannot omit to mention the inimitable Miss Florence Haydon, whose acting as Ann's mother was a perfect piece of quiet art.

"A MAN IN THE (BOLSTER) CASE": THE PALACE SKETCH.



1. ANNA — AND THE BED WHICH PLAYS SO IMPORTANT A PART IN THE SKETCH: MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH AS THE WIFE.

2. THE LOVER TAKES THE PLACE OF THE BOLSTER THAT THE HUSBAND MAY NOT FIND HIM: MR. ALLAN AYNESWORTH AS THE LOVER, AND MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH AS THE WIFE.

3. THE HUSBAND SLEEPS, RESTING HIS HEAD ON THE MAN IN THE CASE; HIS WIFE SITS UP: MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER AS THE HUSBAND AND MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH AS THE WIFE.

"A Man in the Case" is set "in the bedroom of a bungalow, up the river." The wife is about to go to bed when her lover, in overcoat and pyjamas, enters through the bedroom window. Later, the husband arrives at the house, and the lover is hidden under the pillows of the bed. Then the husband enters, finds nothing, and apologises, while the wife, feigning anger with him, says she will sit up all night. The husband goes to bed and sleeps peacefully, with his head on the "Man in the Case." In the morning, the lover having disappeared from beneath the pillows, the husband presents his wife with embroidery for the victim, leaving her to solve the problem "How soon did I know?"

Photographs by Campbell-Gray.



CROWNS·CORONETS·COURTIERS

"WE winter in Egypt," was the comfortable answer given by the Princess Royal and her family to those who offered invitations and suggestions for Christmas and the New Year. To leave Tilbury on a P. and O. Liner for Egypt—nothing in all the world could have seemed less adventurous. And yet, when the Princesses come to write up their diaries, the aspect of disaster upon which they will both lay particular stress is that it's all in the day's work. Their coolness enabled them to take things as a matter of course; shipwreck, the escape from drowning, the cruel walk over the rocks, these things hardly surprised them: reality is less alarming than the imaginary perils of a dream.

The Relic. There is one thing Mr. Halkett was unable to save from the wreck of the *Delhi*; and he regrets it. A few minutes after the grounding of the steamer, when he had restored the Princesses Alexandra and Maud to the Princess Royal, who had searched for them in their cabin in vain, Her Royal Highness offered him a cigarette. That cigarette, bearing with it an assurance of her own calm and a plea for calm in others, will become historic. But Mr. Halkett could do no less than smoke it. Had he slid it into a pocket, his *sangfroid* would have been in question. Slowly he puffed away, as a pledge to the Princesses of human calm among storming seas. It took three minutes to consume, but the memory of it will be fragrant for a lifetime.



REALLY ACCORDING TO THE PRESS PHOTOGRAPHER: KING MANUEL AND EARL HOWE AT GOPSALL.

It is interesting to compare this photograph with the caricature of "King Manuel and a Friend," in No. VI. of Mr. H. M. Bateman's series, "According to the Press Photographer," in this issue.—[Photo. by *Newspaper Illustrations*.]

same reason. Of the pains and penalties of nothing. The last time I saw him at work he had drawn up his motor upon a Sussex highway, and sat producing "copy" by a

wayside post-office as cheerfully as other motorists drink a cup of tea. By the desire of the Princess Royal, he was sitting with the royal party when their boat was swamped. Her Royal Highness made her request on personal grounds, but had she searched all Fleet Street or the Strand she could not have found a better recorder for a rare and royal occasion.

Christmas Boxes. Princess Victoria, after helping the Norwegian Royal Family with their Christmas shopping, and seeing them off to Norway with a multitude of little boxes stowed away in large ones, spent an evening in a box of her own at the London Opera House. In the same week she was at the Palace Theatre, in the company of the King and Queen of Norway. Seldom has the music-hall,

even since its promotion to a "Theatre of Varieties," given shelter

and entertainment to more distinguished company. The Queen of the Netherlands was there and laughed. For that evening the

Palace, quite properly, was the home of princes.



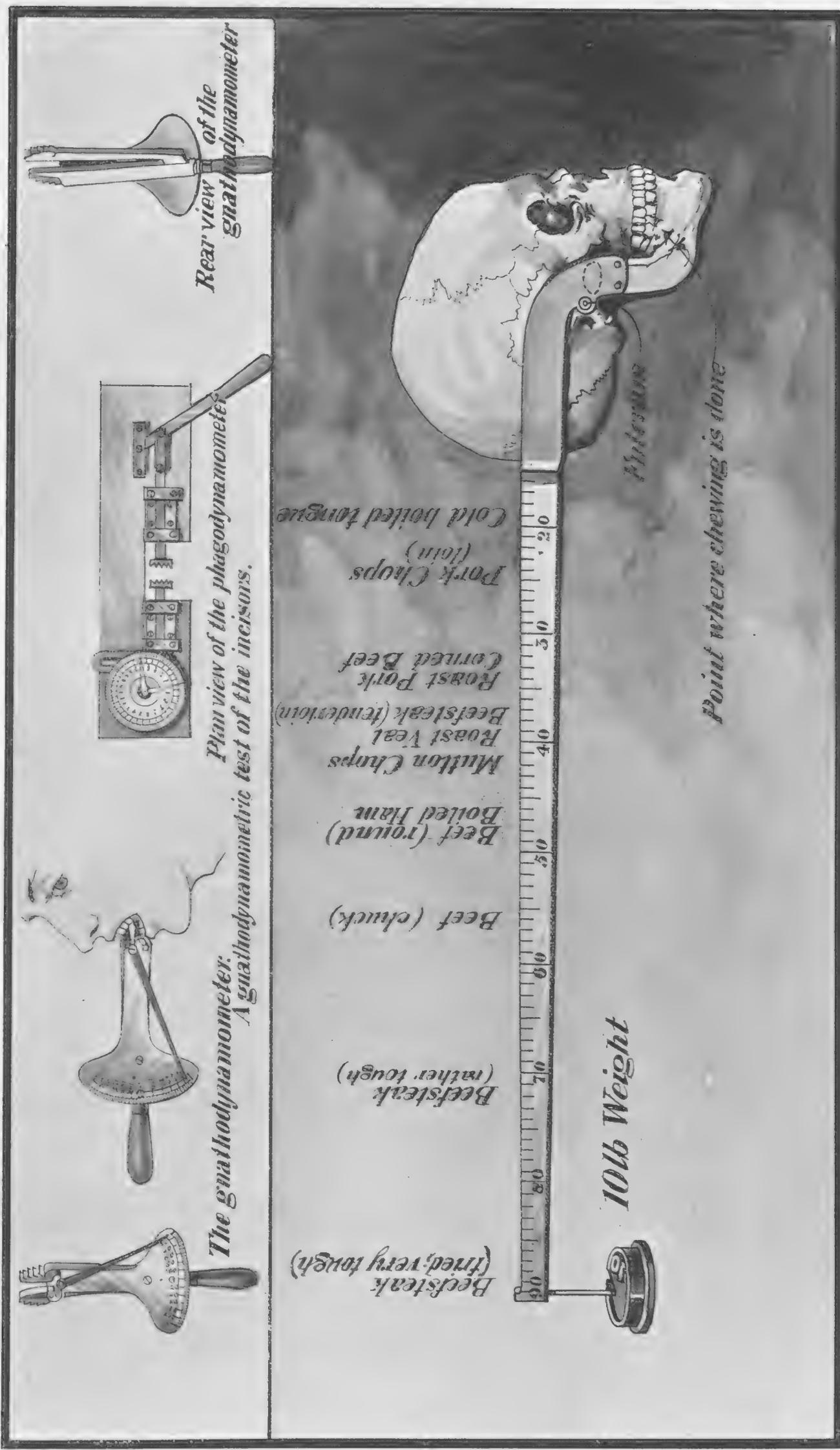
THE UNDER-Secretary FOR WAR FIRES THE FIRST SHOT: COLONEL SEELY OPENING THE NEW HEADQUARTERS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON TRAINING CORPS.

1912. After a lull in all save family-entertaining, there will be an outburst of social happenings in the second week of January. Seasonable charity will still lay its command upon kind people. The Queen of Portugal, under the guidance of the Duchess of Norfolk, is becoming active in good works; and the Tableaux Vivants that are to have her patronage at the Hotel Cecil on the eleventh promise to be very largely attended. Nobody can pretend that such things are vastly exciting to the people in the pictures or the people out of them; but on the eleventh, three ambassadors, the lovely Mme. de Villa Urrutia, the Duchess of Norfolk, the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, and the new Prince of the Church, the only English Cardinal, will be involved in one capacity or another. Ten years ago Tableaux Vivants had some life in them; in 1912 they might well be called Tableaux Mortis. But for one afternoon, at least, everybody will quite cheerfully be interested.



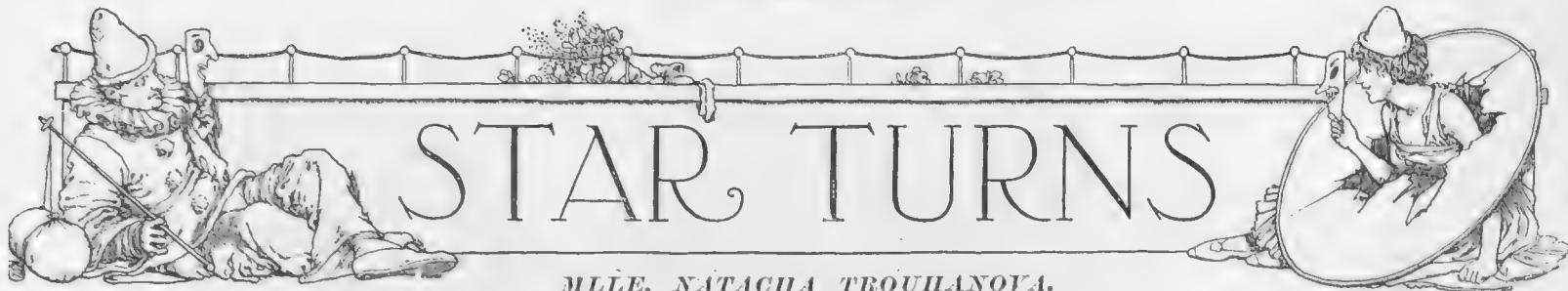
KING MANUEL AND THE GERMAN AMBASSADOR AS GUESTS AT AN ENGLISH COUNTRY HOUSE: EARL HOWE'S SHOOTING-PARTY AT GOPSALL, LEICESTERSHIRE.

Earl Howe entertained a large party of guests for shooting just before Christmas at Gopsall, his seat in Leicestershire. Reading from left to right the figures include, in the back row, (1) Lord Alastair Innes-Ker, (3) Countess Metternich, (4) Viscount Curzon, (5) Sir Charles Frederick, (6) The Hon. Harry Stonor, (8) Viscountess Curzon, (9) Count Metternich, (11) Lady Alastair Innes-Ker, (12) Mr. Arthur Sassoon, (13) Mr. Murietta, (15) Lady Cynthia Graham. In the front row, reading from left to right, are Lady Evelyn Eyre, the Marchioness Dufferin, King Manuel, the Dowager Countess Howe, Earl Howe, and the Countess of Craven. Lord Curzon has been a centre of interest in discussions on the recent changes in India, which will reverse the policy which he pursued as Viceroy in effecting the partition of Bengal.—[Photo. by *Newspaper Illustrations*.]



HAVING REALLY HARD WORK: THE FORCE THE HUMAN JAW MUST EXERT TO BITE AND TO CHEW.

"A 10 lb. bite requires a 40-lb. contraction of the human jaw-muscles. That is because the jaws are built on the principle of a pair of tongs. . . . In order to determine the average strength of the jaws, Dr. G. E. Black, President of the Chicago Dental University, some time ago devised an instrument, . . . the gnathodynamometer. . . . He found that the limit of the bite was not determined by the muscles, but by the teeth themselves. . . . The average of 100 persons showed 171 lb. for the molar teeth, and much less for bicuspids and incisors. Cut of 1000 persons, 17 developed a force equal to the full registry of the instrument, which was 275 lb. . . . The instrument with which these records were made comprises a pair of steel arms, which are normally spread apart by spring tension. Each arm is equipped with a rubber pad, on which the biting is done. When the patient bites the pads, the levers are forced towards each other, and cause an index-needle to travel over a graduated arc which shows the force of the bite in pounds." . . . The phagodynamometer is used for testing the resistance to chewing offered by various foods. It comprises a pair of plungers with toothed surfaces, between which the food being tested is crushed. As the large Drawing on this page shows, the jaw-muscles must exert a 30-lb. crush to chew tough beefsteak. This crush is represented by a 10-lb. weight on the end of a 30-in. scale-beam.—[Reproduced from the "Scientific American," by Courtesy of that paper.]



IT was the long-distance telephone which brought Mlle. Natacha Trouhanova over from Paris to be the star in "The Miracle," which was produced at Olympia on Saturday night. One day, suddenly, the telephone-bell rang. "Hullo!" said Mlle. Trouhanova. "I am Braff, of London, the dramatic and variety agent," said the voice at the other end; "are you free for Christmas?" "Yes," replied Mlle. Trouhanova. "If you will appear in 'The Miracle' at Olympia, please go to Munich to see Herr Vollmoeller, the author of the book, Herr Humperdinck, the composer, and Max Reinhardt, the producer." "Right," she said, and hung up the receiver. She went to Munich. It was an exceedingly difficult thing to find a convenient time for the three gentlemen to meet, but eventually it was managed. The room in which Mlle. Trouhanova was to give "a taste of her quality" to the triumvirate was the worst possible for the purpose, for the parquet flooring was far too slippery for dancing, and the electric light had gone wrong. Eventually these difficulties were remedied and she began to give a selection of dances from her répertoire. When she had done the "Danse Macabre," of Saint-Saëns, they were all wild with delight, and the engagement was settled there and then.

That during the run of "The Miracle" our own public will ratify the enthusiasm of the author, the composer, and the producer is Mlle. Trouhanova's earnest hope, for she has a real admiration for England and the English people. So great is her enthusiasm on the subject that she has actually learned to speak English, although

eventually she made her débüt as a dancer at Monte Carlo, where she subsequently danced for four seasons with M. Clastine, the famous *maitre de ballet* of the Grand Opera House in Paris. At that house, too, she has appeared, as well as at some of the smaller theatres, and at St. Petersburg and Moscow, Madrid, Brussels and Palermo, among other important cities. It was while she was dancing at Monte Carlo that she received the invitation to dance in Strauss's "Salomé" in Paris. At the first rehearsal in which she took part Strauss himself was present, and at the conclusion he applauded loudly, and cried "Splendid—splendid!" with real enthusiasm. The engagement was for six performances, and the production was a German one, with all the scenery and dresses like those which had been used in Germany. At the end of the fourth performance Mlle. Trouhanova told Dr. Strauss that she found it well-nigh impossible to dance in the costume, which impeded her movements at every turn, and she wished a change to be made in them. "But, Mademoiselle," said the amazed maestro with great dignity, "do you know that it is my Emperor who designed those dresses?" Mlle. Trouhanova's eyes danced with laughter. "Your Emperor is a great Emperor," she replied, "but he is not a good tailor!" Eventually Mlle. Trouhanova withdrew from the company and was at once engaged for the Opera.

Of all the Salomes with which she is acquainted she prefers that of Anatole France as being most suited to her personality, for she frankly admits that she has not the physique for the creation of Oscar Wilde, which is that of a woman who strikes her as being morbid, thin, hysterical, and altogether *cauchemar*.

Her work is to her an anodyne, for her private life has been eminently a sad one, and it is in her dancing that she forgets herself. For this reason her performance is one of the five things she loves in this world. Her parents take precedence of it, and it is followed by her dogs, reading, the contemplation of beautiful art, and last, but by no means least, good food. With delightful honesty Mlle. Trouhanova remarked to the writer of this article, "Love of food may not be poetic, but it is eminently necessary for one who, like me, has to take a lot of physical exercise. I get very tired, and, as I told you already, I eat a lot of sweets, for they rest me."



KITTY VERDUN IN "CHARLEY'S AUNT," AT THE WHITNEY: MISS AMY BRANDON THOMAS.
Miss Brandon Thomas needs no introduction to the readers of "The Sketch," all of whom—save those living abroad—must have seen her on the stage in the last few years and have had occasion to applaud her.

Photograph by Ellis and Hawley.

she has not hitherto been in England for more than a day or two at a time, while she is well acquainted with our literature through the medium of French translations. The works of Shakespeare, Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Milton, Shelley, Byron (whom she adores), and, among the living men, Mr. Jerome K. Jerome (whom she admires greatly), are quite familiar to her; and, curious as it must appear to those who regard stage artists superficially, as people who lean only to the lighter side of life and care nothing for the more serious aspect, so are the works of Herbert Spencer, whose philosophy she has studied a great deal. Her Shakespeare she has also studied from the stage, for her father, who is a distinguished Russian actor and has been for the last fifteen years engaged at the Theatre Souvorin, in Moscow, has all the great leading parts in his répertoire, and she has seen him act them all.

While her dramatic bias is thus clearly derived from her father, Mlle. Trouhanova's skill as a dancer comes to her direct from her paternal grandmother, who was a gipsy dancer in St. Petersburg. From the side of her mother, who is a Frenchwoman, Mlle. Trouhanova gets that highly developed sense of artistry and that *espèglierie* which are so characteristic of the nation.

She was trained in the school of the Imperial Theatre, Moscow. At the Conservatoire she obtained the first prize for comedy, as well as for the study of literature, art, culture, and the drama. For a year after she made her débüt, as Angélique, in "Georges Dandin," she acted a round of juvenile parts.



AUTHOR OF "CHARLEY'S AUNT":
MR. BRANDON THOMAS.

Mr. Brandon Thomas revived "Charley's Aunt" at the Whitney Theatre on the afternoon of Boxing Day. He is appearing in his original part of the Scotch Laird in "A Highland Legacy," which precedes "Charley's Aunt" at the evening performances.

Photograph by Warwick Brooks.



IN "THE GOLDEN LAND OF FAIRY TALES," AT THE ALDWYCH: MISS FLORRIE LEWIS AS RED RIDING HOOD AND MR. ALFRED LATELL AS THE WOLF.

Little Miss Florrie Lewis is making quite a "hit" by her playing of Red Riding Hood; while Mr. Latell is winning appreciation not only as The Wolf, but as Puss in Boots and other animal favourites.—[Photograph by Campbell-Gray.]

WHERE YOU PANT - OH !



MAN AND WIFE.

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.

According to the Press Photographer. VI.—Royalty.



1. "KING ALFONSO IN ENGLAND."

3. "KING MANUEL AND A FRIEND AT RICHMOND."

5. "THE KAISER IN MERRY MOOD."

2. "KING ALFONSO AT HOME."

4. "THE CHILDREN OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF HOORAYVIA."

6. "THE KING SHOOTING AT SANDRINGHAM."

THE BLOW NEARLY KILLED POOR FATHER.



"DEEP AND THICK—ESPECIALLY THICK—AND EVEN."

DRAWN BY HARRY ROUNTREE.



THE PERFECT GUIDE TO GOLD.*

A Directory of Buried Treasure.

At the end of an exceptionally alluring book Mr. Paine—evidently aware that he must have awakened armies of those adventurous spirits who slumber deep down in the hearts of even the most prosaic—prints “a concise directory of the best-known lost and buried treasure” for the guidance of those who may be tempted to seek the gold which is almost as elusive as that which fills the pot which lies beneath the earth where the rainbow ends. The “loot,” legendary or actual, is in being in many places, from Cocos Island, with its twelve million dollars in plate, coin, bar-gold, and jewels, to Dollar



“AND I SUNK IT IN THE SAND WHEN I SAILED”: CAPTAIN KIDD BURYING HIS BIBLE—FROM “THE PIRATE'S OWN BOOK.”

“Certain it is that these words of the immortal ballad are cruelly, grotesquely unjust. . . . ‘I’d a Bible in my hand when I sail’d, when I sailed, I’d a Bible in my hand when I sailed. I’d a Bible in my hand, by my father’s great command, and I sunk it in the sand when I sailed.’”

Reproduced from Mr. Ralph D. Paine’s “The Book of Buried Treasure,” by Courtesy of the Author and of the Publisher, Mr. William Heinemann.

Cove, Mount’s Bay, Cornwall, where is the desirable cargo of the sunken St. Andrew; and to Gough Island, sometimes called Diego Alvarez, on which “a very wicked pirate, or pirates, deposited ill-gotten gains,” to find which you must dig “close to a conspicuous spire or pinnacle of stone on the western end of the island, the name of which natural landmark is set down on the charts as Church Rock.”

The Guardians of the Hoards. But before you take courage and shovel and pick in hand, before you don diving-helmet or work suction-pump, realise that the natural secrecy of those who hid, and the relentless sweep of sand on the sea’s bed, have done their best to preserve to the earth and the waters under the earth those delectable hoards committed to their charge by man or by the elements. Further, there are sentinels more terrible than the water-nymphs who protect the Rhine Gold. “Many a hard-headed farmer and fisherman of the New England coast believes that it is rash business to go digging for Kidd’s treasure, unless one carefully performs certain incantations designed to placate the ghostly guardian who aforesome sailed with Kidd and was slain by him after the hole was dug lest the secret might be thus revealed. . . . The local story is that Kidd and his men . . . having placed the chest in a hole, sacrificed by lot one of their number, and laid his body on top of the treasure in order that his ghost might for ever defend it from fortune-seekers.” Then there is the spectre of the Weeping Woman to wail and watch in the heart of Mexico; and to keep her company are many at least as fearful. “Among the Bedouins is current the legend that immense treasures were concealed by Solomon beneath the foundations of Palmyra, and that sapient monarch took the precaution of enlisting an army of jinns to guard the gold for evermore.” Negroes of the West Indies have it that the buried wealth of the buccaneers is found but seldom because the spirits who have it in their keeping whisk it away to parts unknown when danger threatens it. Bohemian peasants of some districts will tell you that a blue light, invisible to

all eyes save those of the person fated to find, lingers over the hiding-place of buried treasure.

Bribery and the Black Cat.

The only satisfactory thing about it all is that you may be able to appease the watchers. “The country-folk of Japan will tell you that if a pot of money is found a rice-cake must be left in place of every coin taken away, and imitation money burned as an offering to any spirit that may be offended by the removal of the hoard.” In other quarters “there has long existed the belief in the occult efficacy of a black cock or a black cat in the equipment of a treasure-quest, which is also influenced by the particular phases of the moon.”

Search by Divining-Rod.

As to method, that must depend upon locality and other circumstances. But take note of the following! In 1588, the galleon *Florencia* sailed into Tobermory Bay, to be blown up a little later by young Donald Glas MacLean, and to sink with the paymaster’s chests of the Armada. In the present century “Mr. Stears, the Yorkshireman with the divining-rod, did some wonderful things, but the treasure was not found. To test him, bags of silver and gold and copper money were buoyed under water in the bay, with no marks to show. It was done by night, and he was kept away. He went out in a boat next morning and was rowed around a bit, and wherever the metal was hid under water, his twig told him, without a mistake. More than that, he knew what kind of metal it was under the water. . . . He would hold a piece of gold money in each hand when the twig began to twist and dip. If the gold was under the water, the twig would pull with a very strong pull, so that he knew. If it was undecided, he would hold silver money, and the twig told him the proper message.” The treasure was not found, it is suggested, only because Donald Glas MacLean did his work well—“The Spanish gold is scattered far and wide over the bottom of the bay, I have no doubt.”

Now, if you would join the great band of treasure-seekers, arm yourself with Mr. Paine’s perfect guide to gold! Especially, be sanguine if you meet strange beasts! “Thomas of Walsingham tells the tale of a Saracen physician who betook himself to Earl Warren



THE DIVINING ROD AS TREASURE-FINDER: METHODS OF MANIPULATION. FROM “LA PHYSIQUE OCCULTE” (1596).

Reproduced from Mr. Ralph D. Paine’s “The Book of Buried Treasure,” by Courtesy of the Author and of the Publisher, Mr. William Heinemann.

of the fourteenth century to ask courteous permission that he might slay a dragon, or ‘loathly worm’ which had its den at Bromfield, near Ludlow, and had wrought sad ravages on the Earl’s lands. The Saracen overcame the monster, whether by means of his medicine-chest or his trusty steel the narrators sayeth not, and then it was learned that a great hoard of gold was hidden in its foul den. Some men of Herefordshire sallied forth by night to search for the treasure, and were about to lay hands upon it when retainers of the Earl of Warwick captured them.”



FROM “THE PIRATE’S OWN BOOK” (1837): CAROUSING AT OLD CALABAR RIVER.

“The Pirate’s Own Book” was published at Portland, Maine, in 1837, and largely reprinted from Captain Charles Johnson’s “General History of the Pyrates of the New Providence,” etc., first edition, London, 1724. His second edition of two volumes, published in 1727, contained the lives of Kidd and Blackbeard.”

Reproduced from Mr. Ralph D. Paine’s “The Book of Buried Treasure,” by Courtesy of the Author and of the Publisher, Mr. William Heinemann.

* “The Book of Buried Treasure: being a True History of the Gold, Jewels, and Plate of Pirates, Galleons, etc., which are Sought For to This Day.” By Ralph D. Paine. Illustrated. (Heinemann; 10s. net.)

ANOTHER DISPLAY OF PARTY FEELING!



THE EXCITED SPINSTER: Oh, Ethel, we're going to have *such* a time at the party.
The new curate's coming...and he's colour-blind!

ETHEL: Well, dear, what difference does that make?

THE EXCITED SPINSTER: Why, he thinks all the holly-berries are mistletoe.



THE MAJOR'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

By EMERIC HULME BEAMAN.

MAJOR BURTENSHAW sat in front of the club-room fire, gloomily surveying the tips of his boots, which in truth had lost something of the polish that gave them their usual air of distinction. Outside, a cheerless drizzle had graduated through hail and sleet to a misty snow which fell in thin, dank flakes on to slushy pavements, there to be dissolved into its kindred elements once more. The day was chilly, the sky a mere murky ball. It was Christmas Eve. Major Burtenshaw, like many bachelors, found this particular season of the year a very depressing one; the atmosphere of artificial geniality with which it is the custom to surround Christmas added a further note of depression to the prevailing mood by emphasising his own loneliness. He had few family ties, and he hated to intrude on the family gatherings of others, where at best even a friend must be looked upon as an interloper. So he lunched alone at his club, and, lighting a cigar, let his thoughts drift idly into the region of reminiscences, where at least the phantoms of many friendships and many scenes of gaiety and good-cheer rose readily enough to keep him company.

In the shifting panorama of retrospect one scene suddenly stood out very clearly before his mind's eye, and one face—the face of Winifred Clare. He had met her in India at a large hill station twelve years ago, had fallen in love with her and at a Government House Ball on Christmas Eve had proposed to her—yes, by a curious coincidence it had been on Christmas Eve! But the sky then had been of a deep, clear blue, the air warm and sparkling, and the glorious radiance and colour and sunshine of the East was round them.

Well, she had refused him and subsequently married a civilian who retired shortly afterwards and brought her back to England. In his memories of this incident there lingered no particular regret now; the Major's nature held little romance, and it was a mere chance association of ideas that had recalled the circumstance so vividly to him at this moment.

He finished his cigar, and feeling unusually bored by his own company, put on his overcoat and left the club.

An aimless impulse directed his steps, first into one busy thoroughfare, then another, till at length he found himself wandering idly along Oxford Street, pausing now and again to look into the brilliantly lighted shop-windows. The snow had ceased to fall, but presently a mist began to rise and spread and thicken with extraordinary rapidity. The crowded pavements seemed to become more crowded as people hurried in all directions, stirred already by that vague sense of panic which seizes Londoners at the approach of a fog; the traffic in the streets assumed something of a stealthy aspect; even the vulgar blare of the motor-horn was subdued to a less aggressive note.

All this did not disturb Major Burtenshaw; it rather amused him, kindling in his breast a mild contempt for the excitability of mankind in the face of the most trivial emergency. He himself never became excited, nor permitted the most unexpected contingency to interfere with his habitual self-control.

Some moments later, as he stood absently gazing into a shop-window, a small hand was slipped surreptitiously into his, and a small voice at his elbow said—

"Please take me to Mamma."

The Major glanced down and perceived a little girl, daintily dressed in furs, who in turn gazed up at him with a calm proprietary air after issuing this command.

"Er—certainly," said the Major, with instinctive gallantry, and then, becoming suddenly conscious that he was addressing a remarkably small child, tried to assume what he conceived to be a paternal air, as he added, "And where is your Mamma, my little girl?"

"I'm not your little girl—am I?" the child inquired with disconcerting directness. "I'm daddy's little girl—and mummy's," she supplemented conscientiously, and then added the information: "Daddy's dead, you know."

"Ha!" said the Major, feeling that this news demanded some expression of sympathy. "Grieved—very sorry, I mean—to hear it, I'm sure. And who are you?"

"I'm Elsie," replied the child with finality. "Mamma went

into one of those big shops when I wasn't looking, and she's lost. Please find her. My name's Elsie."

"Good," said the Major. "My name is Burtenshaw—Major Burtenshaw. In this fog I'm afraid we shall have some difficulty in finding your mother. Do you know what shop she went into?"

"Over there—one of those," Elsie informed him, pointing into a growing bank of fog to their right. "But it's getting so dark I can't see. Can you?"

"Not a bit," said the Major cheerfully. He still held the child's hand in his own as he looked round vaguely in search of any lady who might answer to the description of Elsie's mother. "Is she tall?"

"Yes, taller than me, much. Almost," she surveyed the Major critically, "as tall as you. But she's prettier than you," Elsie explained, in order that there might be no mistake on this point. "I don't think we shall find her, do you? It's getting so dark. I think you had better take me home."

"That's all mighty fine," protested the Major, "but I don't know where you live. Let's wait here a minute. Perhaps your mamma will see us if we stand quite still and don't worry. I think that must be she coming along now," as a tall, fashionably dressed lady hurried up to them, gazed an instant eagerly at the Major, and then, with a little suppressed exclamation of disappointment, hastened on. "Drawn a blank," commented the Major. "Looking for her husband evidently, not her child." Other ladies passed hurriedly, but none paused to respond to the inquiring glances of Major Burtenshaw (who had screwed his eyeglass more firmly in his right eye, and assumed an aspect of determined resignation), nor to recognise the tiny fur-clad figure, contentedly standing by his side. Elsie had, in fact, thrown the entire responsibility of the position on the Major's shoulders, and seemed, indeed, more interested in the phenomenon of the encroaching fog than concerned for the temporary loss of her mother.

"This," said the Major, after a short silence, "will never do. We must develop some plan of action. For instance"—he regarded Elsie with mild perplexity, for he had not, so far as he could remember, ever before carried on a confidential conversation with a child quite so young, and was a little at a loss to know exactly how to proceed. "For instance"—a bright idea struck him—"shall we go in here and buy a toy?"

"Yes," agreed Elsie promptly. "I would like a teddy-bear—a nice big one, with plenty of fluff."

"Are you sure," suggested the Major doubtfully, "that you don't mean a sheep-dog?"

"No, I mean a teddy-bear. Only it must be bigger than my others." She guided him gently towards the shop-door, and hand-in-hand they entered.

"Do you," the Major asked an attractive young saleswoman, who came forward to serve him, "do you sell teddy-bears? They must be big and fluffy."

The shop-girl smiled; looked from the Major to Elsie (who had assumed a business-like expression), and smiled again. She was pretty and bright and sympathetic. "Yes," she answered, "I think we have just the kind you want."

"Ha," said the Major; "if you will kindly produce one, this young lady will probably decide that."

"Here," said the young woman, returning a moment later with a huge shaggy quadruped, "is the very last thing in teddy-bears imported. I am sure your little girl will like it."

"She is not my little girl," explained the Major. "I am merely deputising, as it were. She has lost her mother in the fog and has annexed me. I suppose you do not happen to know who she is?"

The shop-girl glanced with renewed interest at Elsie, who had meantime clasped the bear in one arm, and with her other hand still in her companion's, was preparing to depart.

"It will do very well," she declared condescendingly. "It's very nice. It's ever so much bigger than the others. Let us go home now, please."

"Poor little darling!" murmured the shop-girl, stooping down. "What is your name, dear?"

"Her name," said the Major, "is Elsie."

[Continued overleaf.]

EX GAIETY: IN A SHAVIAN PLAY AT THE CRI.



THE VIOLET ROBINSON OF "MAN AND SUPERMAN," AT THE CRITERION: MISS GLADYS COOPER.

When Mr. Robert Loraine first presented Mr. Bernard Shaw's "Man and Superman," at the Criterion, Miss Doris Lytton was the Violet Robinson. Later, Miss Gladys Cooper took up the part. Miss Cooper has come to the more serious stage from the musical-comedy stage, and will be remembered, for instance, for her appearances at the Gaiety. It is evident that she is most successful in her new sphere.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

"Yes, I'm Elsie," acquiesced the child. "But this isn't the shop what we came into before, me and Mamma."

"It was probably Selfridge's, lower down," volunteered the assistant. "What are you going to do with her, Sir?"

"Lord knows," said the Major helplessly. "She says I'm to take her home. Can you suggest anything?"

"Perhaps she can tell us where she lives—in that case a taxi, Sir, would be the only thing, I should say."

"Elsie," asked the Major, "do you know where you live?"

"In London," replied Elsie proudly.

"Ha. In London. There you are!" exclaimed the Major, hopelessly.

"Miss Elsie," said the shop-girl, taking up the catechism in persuasive tones, "tell the gentleman what your other name is. You've got another name, dear, haven't you? It's Elsie—what?"

"No, it isn't," contradicted Elsie, with calm scorn. "It's Elsie Grace Cannington."

"Elsie Grace—ha! What?" demanded the Major sharply. "Cannington, did you say?"

Elsie nodded her head several times in encouraging corroboration. "Cannington," she repeated. "That's mummy's name, too."

"Then we could find the address, perhaps, in the directory?" suggested the assistant. "It's rather an uncommon name."

"Yes—rather uncommon," mused the Major. "I wonder—do you happen to have a directory here?"

One was procured and after a prolonged search the Major fixed upon a Cannington in Holland Park Avenue. "I should fancy that must be the child's home," he conjectured. "Anyway, we might try it."

"Her mother, poor lady, will be simply frantic all this time," hazarded the shop-girl sympathetically.

"I have no patience with frantic people," snapped the Major. "Look at me—I'm not frantic! Look at Elsie—she's not frantic!"

"But I'm getting hungry," Elsie informed him. "Let us go home, please."

"Wait a moment," interposed the Major. "Do you live in Holland Park Avenue?"

"Course I do," announced Elsie, with the contemptuous inflection of one who is required to endorse the self-evident. "And so does mamma. So does daddy, only not now. He's dead and doesn't live there any more."

"Bless my heart!" ejaculated the Major. "What a singular child! Why on earth couldn't she have told us that at first?"

"She didn't understand. Sir. She's only a little tot," pointed out the girl. "How old are you, dear?"

"I'm seven next birthday," Elsie replied with careful precision. "And the cat's three-and-a-half."

"Then," said the Major judicially, "she is just twice as old as the cat—though I don't see that that has anything whatever to do with it. I will call a taxi-cab and drive her home at once." He paid for the teddy-bear, which Elsie hugged affectionately to her breast, and, seizing the child's hand, conducted her resolutely from the shop. It was not easy to secure a taxi-cab immediately, and they were obliged to walk some distance before at length, the mist clearing somewhat, an empty cab passed them slowly. The Major hailed it and lifted Elsie in. "Holland Park Avenue," he instructed the driver, giving the number, and then took his place beside Elsie and the bear.

Not much was said during the journey. Their progress was slow, but as they advanced westward the air cleared more and the taxi travelled faster.

"Have you," the Major asked Elsie, whose eyes were glued to the window, her teddy-bear clasped firmly in both arms, "have you any brothers or sisters, my little maid?"

Elsie withdrew her eyes momentarily from the fascinations of the passing traffic to fix them on the Major's face.

"No," she said, "not any at all—cept the cat. Have you?"

"I have a younger brother somewhere," the Major gravely informed her, "and a married sister."

"Oh! Do you like cats?"

"Not very much, though no doubt they have their points," the Major conceded.

"They've tails," Elsie corrected; and finding the subject hardly worth pursuing, turned again to the window. The Major leaned back and relapsed into silence.

"This, I think," he remarked at length, as the cab drew up to the pavement, "is your house."

They got out and Elsie insisted on conducting the Major up the front-door steps by the hand. "You ring the bell," she commanded: "I can't reach it."

The Major obeyed, and the door was opened by a maid-servant, who gasped with astonishment at perceiving Elsie standing there with a strange escort.

"Miss Elsie!" she exclaimed. "Well, I never!"

"Mrs. Cannington in?" inquired the Major calmly. "I have brought Miss Elsie home."

"No, Sir; Mrs. Cannington hasn't come back yet.... I thought Miss Elsie was with her."

"She was," explained the Major. "But they separated. I will come in and wait for Mrs. Cannington's return. She will not be

long, I fancy. By the way, you need not mention any name. Merely say that a gentleman is in the drawing-room—with Miss Elsie—and wishes to see her. Understand?"

In less than a quarter of an hour, while Elsie and the Major sat solemnly confronting each other in the drawing-room, the teddy-bear on a stool between them, the door was flung open and a lady entered hurriedly. She cast one swift glance round the dimly lighted room, saw the child, and uttered an exclamation of relief.

"Oh, how can I thank you!" she cried, addressing the Major. "I have been nearly wild with terror and anxiety! So you actually found my little girl and brought her home?"

The Major rose slowly from his chair and held out his hand.

"It seems so," he replied. "How are you, Winifred?"

Mrs. Cannington, struck dumb and motionless, stared at the speaker with incredulous, wondering eyes. Then she stammered—

"Captain Burtenshaw!" and sank helplessly on to the sofa.

"Calm yourself, my dear Mrs. Cannington," said the Major, resuming his seat. "Yes, it is I. I got a step through, and retired as a full major. Five years ago now, and more than ten since we last met at—Simla, wasn't it?"

Elsie, who thought it was time to intervene, crept to her mother's side and thrust the teddy-bear into her face.

"He's a nice man, mummy," she remarked, "and got me this teddy-bear. It's bigger than my others. We drove home in a carriage. I like him. Don't you?"

Mrs. Cannington recovered herself, sat up, and smiled.

"It's simply too extraordinary!" she declared. "To meet again, like this, after all these years! And how on earth did you know—?"

"I didn't," the Major put in. "I guessed. It was easy, for Elsie told me your name. She has great discrimination, for her years. She selected me out of all the other men who were passing at the time and demanded that I should find you for her. I had some difficulty in doing so, but, you see, I succeeded—eventually."

"I—I came straight home to telephone to the police," faltered Mrs. Cannington, drawing Elsie to her. "I didn't know what to do. It did seem just possible that somebody might have found Elsie and brought her home. You see, she knows our address."

"Yes, but she is very secretive," said the Major. "Do you know, I'm awfully glad to see you again. May I hope that you are not sorry to see me?"

"I am delighted," blushed Mrs. Cannington. "I am always pleased to meet old friends. You have not changed at all."

"You have," replied the Major. "A little—and, I think, for the better." He surveyed the woman before him critically. She was about thirty-five, in the full flush and charm of early maturity; her figure had taken on wider and more graceful curves, retaining at the same time much of the exiguity of girlhood: her face was beautiful still.

"Oh!" laughed Mrs. Cannington. "Candour and compliment! You must stay and have some tea."

The Major stayed. It was pleasant to be in this cosy drawing-room, with a pretty and refined woman for a companion, and a delicious sense of domesticity suffused by the presence of Elsie, the teddy-bear, and the cat—whom Elsie had triumphantly produced for inspection. The Major sighed, with a sudden consciousness of what he had missed all these years. He had latterly felt very lonely. He mentioned the circumstance presently to Mrs. Cannington.

"A man feels it more," he added, "at Christmas, when other fellows have their homes and wives and—children to go to, and he has nothing but his empty club and his dreary flat."

"Yes—it must be rather—dreadful," agreed Mrs. Cannington reflectively. "I don't know what I should do if it were not for Elsie."

"Do you remember," asked the Major, after a little pause, "that Christmas Eve at Simla, when I proposed to you and you refused me?"

Mrs. Cannington laughed nervously. "Oh, don't let us rake up those foolish old times!" she protested, but her voice had a curious little break in it.

"On the contrary, I desire to revive them," said the Major firmly. "I want to propose to you again."

"How do you know," she stammered; "how—how do you—?"

"Oh, Elsie told me," the Major returned airily. "She said you were a widow. You are too young, Winifred, and far too pretty to remain one. Now, I've been meaning to propose to somebody for a long time, but never could find a woman whom I admired sufficiently. Fact is, I have been waiting for—you. Don't send me away again—on Christmas Eve—to my lonely bachelor rooms and my lonely thoughts! My sweet Winifred, say you—won't?"

The Major bent forward and took Mrs. Cannington's unresisting hand. Elsie, seated on a stool with her teddy-bear in her lap, watched this proceeding with much interest.

"Are you going to take mummy away like you did me—into a carriage?" she inquired. "'Cos I want to come, too!"

Mrs. Cannington looked up at the Major with a mischievous gleam in her eye.

"May Elsie come—too?" she murmured, smiling.

And then the Major knew that he need not spend another Christmas Eve alone.

POWDER AND ROPE AS LIFE-SAVERS: THE ROCKET APPARATUS.



1. FIRING THE ROCKET DESIGNED TO CARRY A LINE OVER THE SHIP IN DISTRESS.

2. THE LINE-BEARING ROCKET ON ITS WAY TO THE WRECK.

When the "Delhi" was wrecked the other day, with the Princess Royal, her husband, and her daughters aboard, the cruiser "Weymouth," going to the rescue from Gibraltar, took aboard a detachment of Royal Artillery with a rocket life-saving apparatus, that they might land at Tangier and go to Cape Spartel overland in case the condition of the surf should make it impossible to approach the stranded liner from the sea. It seems hardly necessary to explain that the rocket carries over the ship a line which is hauled in by the crew of the vessel in distress. Attached to it is an endless rope. This rope, having been fastened to a mast or some other part of the ship, a sling lifebuoy is sent to the vessel by its means. This is drawn back with an occupant, returned to the ship again, and so on. The device owes its being to John Dennett, of Newport, Isle of Wight. It is of the greatest value.—[Photographs by Topical]

WHY HE THREW IT UP.



BROWN'S GOLF - REASONS FOR HIS CHUCKING OF IT!

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

IS CRICKET AN AID TO GOLF? WELL-KNOWN CRICKETERS
WHO ARE GOLFERS OF THE FIRST RANK.



1. Mr. G. L. JESSOP—ABOUT SCRATCH AS A GOLFER; HAS KEPT GOAL FOR CAMBRIDGE AT HOCKEY, AND HAS WON CAMBRIDGE BILLIARDS.
2. MR. ERNEST SMITH—PLUS 3 AT GOLF.
3. MR. C. J. BURNUP—PLUS 1 AT GOLF; INTERNATIONAL FOOTBALLER.
4. MR. W. B. STODDART—SCRATCH AT GOLF; OLD RUGBY INTERNATIONAL.
5. THE HON. F. S. JACKSON—PLUS 2 AT GOLF.

6. MR. R. T. CRAWFORD—SCRATCH AT GOLF.
7. MR. R. H. DE MONTMORENCY—PLUS 4 AT GOLF; WELL-KNOWN RACQUETS PLAYER; OXFORD BLUE.
8. MR. W. TRASK—SCRATCH AT GOLF; MEMBER OF ROYAL AUTOMOBILE CLUB.
9. MR. W. HERBERT FOWLER—PLUS 3 AT GOLF; ONE OF THE BEST AMATEUR BILLIARD PLAYERS.

To answer our own query, it would seem that proficiency in other sports does tend towards the making of the first-rate golfer in a good many instances; witness these well-known cricketers who are also well known as players of the Royal and Ancient Game. We may here note, while dealing with a golfing matter, that, owing to the very regrettable illness of Mr. Henry Leach, we are unable to publish the usual "On the Links" this week.—[Photographs by Montague Dixon.]



THE GREEDY WORSHIPPERS.

By MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London."

I SUPPOSE you have read or will read "Tante," by Anne Douglas Sedgwick. I would so much have liked to discuss it with someone or other, but I find that neither the one nor the other will discuss books nowadays. You ask of your woman friend, "Have you read such and such a book?" and she will answer, "Yes, isn't it just too sweet? . . . and apropos, do you think I ought to wear my hair swathed like this?" And if your friend is a man, he will say "Yes, ripping! . . . and isn't that fellow an awful ass? What? Now, if I had been in his place. . ." When a book is declared sweet or ripping, the discussion is closed, isn't it?

So it is really easier and pleasanter to discuss books and other subjects with one's reader—a neutral, silent being, who lets you have your say. Well then, reader dear, suppose you are here on the sofa, and I in the armchair, facing you, so. It's half-past four, we won't have the lights on for another half-hour, you are looking in the red of the fire, and I, above your head, at the blue of the evening through the patterns of the curtains. So you admire Miss Anne Sedgwick's book? So do I, immensely; but does it not make you a little cross that her sympathies and that of the reviewers go to the wrong people? Yes, you are right; sympathies, like fish-bones, have a knack of going the wrong way—you are a well-seasoned reader, I see. Now, whom do you like best in the book? Tante, of course! So do I; she is the most human of them all. But what will you? people are never satisfied. They worship, but with a voracious worship. It does not suffice them that a woman should have genius, beauty, charm, wit, and good taste. It's enough for you and me, but not for the others in the book, and chiefly for the English nation at large. They are greedy worshippers. They want that wonderful Tante to be kind, just, abnegative, truthful, loyal, gentle, charitable, and what not else. In fact, they want her to be something abnormal—a giantess, a monster. You and I don't want a rose to be a potato, so that we can eat it as well as see it and smell it. To us it suffices that a rose should be majestic and perfumed; but that's because we appreciate without worshipping—the other people bother about the thorns of the rose and the worm in its heart. They are the kind of people, my dear friend, who declare they love the sea, but deplore that sea-water is not nice to drink; who eat peacocks, and regret the flesh of the swan is not tender; they are the people who expect beautiful women to be virtuous, tradesmen to be honest, and their enemy to be just and kind—as if one could be kind that was just, and as if justice, the rarest of all virtues, ought to be put cheek by jowl with common kindness. You

often hear them say, with a sense of grievance, "Oh, he is a very handsome chap, but he has no brains." Why should they expect two rare things to be found in one man? You and I are quite content to look at that handsome chap; it's not his brains we want—merely his scalp: our bookshelf is full of brains. They are the people who do not know the relative value of things and who want in their idols the qualities only found in worshippers. The dog worships man because man is callous, cruel, unfaithful; devotion, loyalty, obedience are inferior qualities—dog's qualities! No idol has ever been endowed with a tender heart—it's quite against the rules of worship etiquette. I doubt if any good old Druid would have indulged in the roasting of his best enemy, but he had no doubt that the fumes of burning flesh tickled agreeably the divine nostrils. Humanity has always taken good care that its icons had never anything human in their composition.

Tante was not a good woman; but if goodness is rare, genius and charm are rarer still, and it seems to me the people around her should have asked for nothing more. Poor, misunderstood, magnificent Tante! It is even complained of her that she did not know how to buy her own railway ticket. Are there really women who get their own tickets? Just fancy! How clever of them! I am beginning to wonder whether Napoleon could furnish his own sword himself. Suppose he could not? And so many people admiring him all the time under false pretences! What a loss of prestige!

Tante was callous, but most beautiful women are callous. They have to be in self-defence. Esteem has nothing to do with love, though I may be very daring in saying this in a country which has such a fine range of expressions and differences in erotic matters. Thus, a man loves a girl or a widow, but is infatuated with a married woman. That's one of the subtleties of the English language. Little Karen, Tante's protégée, is really neither Norwegian nor American, as Miss Sedgwick vouches. She is English all through. Her conception of love is English. She wants to admire what she loves—of course, one must have tolerance for young people's exacting illusions, but the worst of it is that Karen loves *on condition*. There must be no "if" in love. Love is not an exchange—it's a gift. Karen loved her husband *on condition* he loved her Tante; she loved her Tante *on condition* her Tante loved her, and that the idol was all that a schoolgirl's imagination

AT THE ENTRANCE TO HIS VILLA AT MENTONE:
LORD WALERAN.

Lord Waleran, first Baron of a creation dating from 1905, started his active career as a soldier in the Grenadier Guards—then turned politician. He has been a Junior Lord of the Treasury, Patronage Secretary to the Treasury, and Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.

Photograph by E. Navello

WITH THE POLICE-DOG EMPLOYED TO GUARD HIS VILLA, SIR THEODORE BRINCKMAN, BT., OF BURTON, YORKSHIRE, AT MONTE CARLO.

Sir Theodore is the third baronet of a creation dating from 1831; and succeeded his father in the title six years ago. He is Hon. Colonel of the 3rd (Reserve) Battalion of the Buffs (East Kent Regiment). He served in South Africa in 1900, 1901, and 1902, was mentioned in despatches, and was awarded the Queen's and King's Medals, and the C.B. He is a regular attendant at the pigeon-shooting at Monte Carlo. He has taken a villa at Cap Ferrat, and is employing the police-dog here shown to guard it.—[Photograph by E. Navello.]

had made it. You, reader dear, who sit there in the gloaming nodding at me—you agree with me, do you not? that one has no business to worship who objects to feet of clay.

THE WHEEL AND THE WING

**How Dangerous
Bridges Came About.**

In days gone by, corporate bodies, particularly railway companies, were permitted by Act of Parliament to take divers liberties with the King's highway. Wherever the proposed line was found to cut and traverse a road at an acute angle, the railway was always sent straight on, and the poor old road just twisted any way to suit. That it was necessary to turn at a sharp right-angle to get on to a bridge, and again at another to leave it, was of little moment to the slow-moving traffic of twenty years ago. The road was not actually blocked, and as it was to no one's interest to protest, no one protested. Could our legislators but have thrown a prospective glance only forty or fifty years ahead, the railway promoters of the railway prime would have been made to arrange things differently. But, Cugnot notwithstanding, who of all the law-makers concerned with the scrutiny and passing of Railway Bills could have dreamed that, before the century had waned, those busily deflected highways would see a class of traffic to rival which in speed the locomotive must bestir itself? One thing did our forebears for us in this regard, however, and that was to frown considerably upon level-

crossings; otherwise, we should be as France is to-day.

The Portent of the White Diamond.

I have been moved to the above reflections by the praiseworthy steps about to be taken by the Royal Automobile Club and its associated clubs to place warnings upon these blind bridges, which are, perhaps, sufficiently heralded by the ordinary danger-signals in the daytime, but are absolutely unsignalled and un-

reaches us from across the Channel that, though the Bill be framed and though it has been approved in high quarters and strongly supported by the French Press, there is, after all, really no sort of probability that the measure will become law. For which relief much thanks!

Lacking an Act of Parliament which should make the carriage of rear-lights compulsory on every vehicle, as they are compulsory on the vehicle that needs them least—the motor-car—good work is being done through the Royal Automobile Club and the associated Clubs in promoting the use of reflex lights. The objections as to danger from fire, expense, and necessity for attention which have been urged against the use of live lights do not obtain in the case of reflex lights, and certain County Councils are taking this into consideration. The County Councils of Warwickshire and Hampshire have given ear to the promptings of the local clubs, and have passed bye-laws enforcing the use of a rear-light of some description, live or reflex, upon vehicles travelling within their territory. The example of these two bodies will serve as an excellent precedent, and I believe I am right in saying that Surrey is presently to come under a similar regulation.

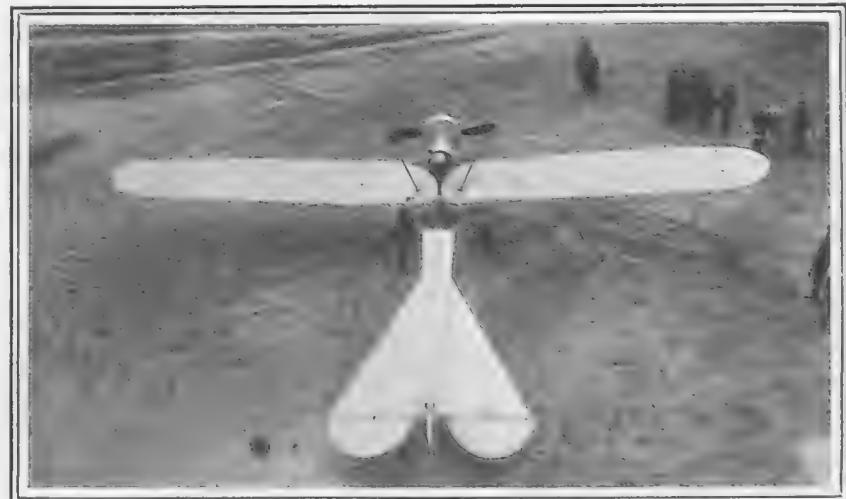


THE PIPE OF PACE: A MOTORIST ENJOYING A SMOKE AT EIGHTY MILES AN HOUR.

In order to protect the contents of the bowl from the rush of air when going at great speed, the motorist uses a pipe, made by Bewlay, of peculiar design, as shown in the photograph, the bowl being turned towards the smoker.—[Photograph by Topical.]

Godalming Feeling the Boycott.

Much sympathy will be felt with the Godalming tradesmen, who find their takings greatly reduced owing to the treatment accorded to motorists, who—rightly incensed by the unsportsmanlike manner in which police-traps have been worked in the open parts of the Godalming ten-miles limit—have rigidly abjured the town for shopping and the locality for residence. At a meeting of the local Commercial Association, held lately, attention was drawn by the tradesmen to the very serious injury sustained, as stated, by the local traders. These unhappy people are reaping where they have not sown, for they were no parties to the application for the speed-limit, and expressed no desire for it. The Town Council is invoked, but I fear the Town Council is powerless in the matter. The provoking cause at Godalming can be traced to the same influence that has inaugurated similar practices throughout Surrey. In Guildford, where they have their own police, the limit is administered in a reasonable and considerate manner, and outlying motorists find it just as easy to shop in Guildford as in Godalming.



A FLYING-MACHINE WHICH FOLDS ITS WINGS: THE NEW MARÇAY-MOONEN MONOPLANE AT ISSY-LES-MOULINEAUX, WITH OUTSPREAD WINGS, SEEN FROM BEHIND.

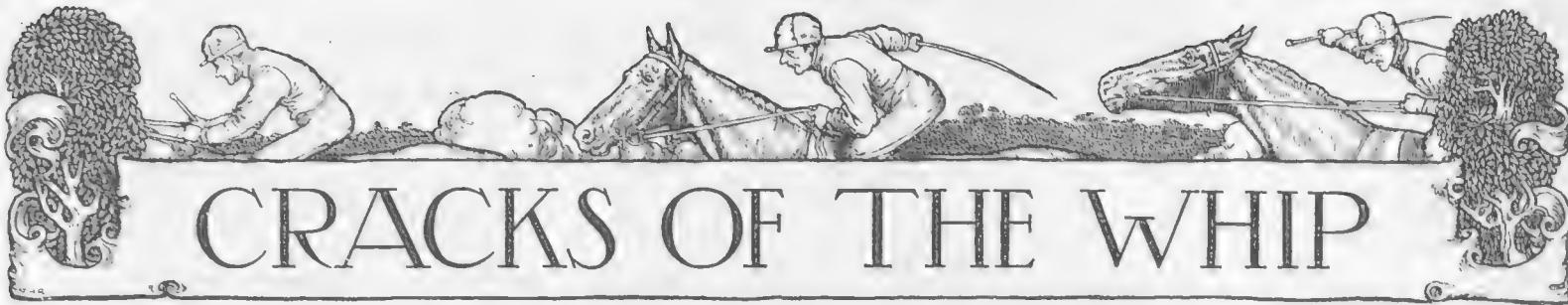
Photograph by Kol.

WITH WINGS CLOSED LIKE A MOTH: THE NEW MARÇAY-MOONEN MONOPLANE.

Photograph by Kol.

announced at night. An example of the good work done and to be done can be seen on the cross-over bridge where the Oxford-Reading road passes over the Great Western Railway, and where on both sides the bridge is approached instantly by a right-angled turn. The fences subtending the bridge walls present at night so much of a muddiness in colour with the wing walls of the bridge that one or two accidents have happened, and many have only just been averted. Now, when the motorist approaches this bridge, going or returning, his lights will give him early warning of the turn by shining upon huge white diamonds painted on the fences. As these white diamonds will only appear at danger-points of the kind described above, motorists driving upon utterly unknown roads will realise exactly what they have ahead of them when the white diamond looms into their field of view.

Still to the Right—in France! Imitation is admitted to be the sincerest form of flattery, and when it was noticed some months ago that a traffic law was about to be enacted in France to conform the present French rule of the road to our own—namely, to keep to the left in lieu of the right—we felt that our good French neighbours were doing us proud. To those who know their France, however, and have experienced the monumental mulishness of the French peasant when driving a team, the passing of such a law was suggestive of trouble; and though we might well feel flattered at the adoption of our road custom, there rose the still, small hope that, after all, this thing might not obtain. For years chaos would assuredly reign on the provincial roads of France, for the inherited habit of ages could not be doffed like a coat at the bidding of a Legislature. So let us take comfort in the whisper that



By CAPTAIN COE.

Entries. . . . The most important nomination days early in the year are the first two Tuesdays in January. Not many years ago the entries for practically all the principal Spring Handicaps, and the Ascot Gold, and Epsom Coronation Cups, closed on the first Tuesday in the year, but the failure of the Chester Cup to fill once or twice gradually introduced a change, and no longer is that race advertised to close so early in the year; nowadays it closes about two months later. It is a debatable point whether it would not be better for all the executives to follow the Chester example. One of the reasons for closing early has vanished with the decay of ante-post betting. In the days when that form of speculation flourished there was some justification for the publication of the entries in the first week of the year, but one now seldom or never hears of a wager until after the acceptances are known. Two of the most popular handicaps of the year, the Royal Hunt and Stewards' Cups, do not suffer and never have suffered through the entries and weights not being known until a few days before the race is run, and it is improbable that any of the series of what are known as Principal Spring Handicaps would suffer either.

Grand National. There has been a lot of discussion lately about the conditions of the Grand National, many of those taking part in it expressing the opinion that the minimum weight should be raised from 9 st. 7 lb. to 10 st. It is advanced in favour of this alteration that such a minimum would keep the bad horses out of the race, but I doubt this. No minimum ever prevented owners entering bad horses in handicaps, and after all said and done, if an owner of such a horse is prepared to pay the entry fee and the training and jockey's expenses, why, it is nobody's business but his own. The raising of the minimum weight would almost certainly have the effect of giving those horses higher in the handicap a greater chance than under the existing conditions, but why cater for them only in a handicap? Such a race is theoretically supposed to provide each horse with a level chance, and the handicapper cannot possibly achieve that end with a two-stone-and-a-half limit. Flat-race handicappers are mostly allowed a stone more, and even that is not considered enough by a good many critics. If there is such a widespread desire to see only the best steeplechasers contest the Grand National, why not try a bold course and make it a race in which all the competitors carry the same weight? One would fancy, from reading, and listening to various people, that these so-called bad horses are the only ones that fall at Aintree.

Didn't Manifesto, one of the greatest of Liverpool horses, fall at the first fence there, and win two Grand Nationals afterwards? Didn't Ambush II. fall at the last fence after winning a Grand National? Was Glenside a bad horse when he won the National, or when he fell in the Sefton?

Lomond and White Star. It is the custom at this period of the year to discuss in a mild sort of manner the Derby of the next year. The process is almost invariably the same.

A writer in a weekly contemporary tells us that there is now no winter betting on the race, and he follows by saying that a French horse is more than likely to win. He has done this so regularly during the last few years that one would feel greatly disappointed were he to omit to do it. Well, this year was no exception. Within a day or two of his pronouncement that there was and would be no betting, a couple of wagers were made. Startlingly short odds were accepted, it is true; but, still, they were wagers in which Lomond and White Star figured. Mr. Hulton was good enough to tell us at the Gimcrack Dinner that Lomond had got over his cough, and that he was to run two or three times before the Derby, provided everything turned out all right. It must not be forgotten that over a part of the course on which the Derby is run White Star has beaten Lomond. The latter was backed at 7 to 2, so it is to be presumed that he was considered fit enough. Two heads separated them, and it is in favour of White Star that he is full of courage. The same remark applies equally to Mr. Hulton's colt, which Wootton says is a long way the best horse he has trained. In dealing with the next Derby, however, it is well to remember that, owing to the exceptional summer of 1911, a number of two-year-olds could not be trained, so it is more than possible that the "dark" division may furnish more danger than in normal years.

RACING TIPS BY CAPTAIN COE.

Kempton Park, to-day: Shepperton Chase, Exelite; Twickenham Hurdle, Ultimus; Mortlake Hurdle, Fireball; Sunbury Chase, Black Plum. Dunstall Park, to-morrow: Xmas Chase, Look Sharp II.; Himley Hurdle, Miss Sweetie. Cheltenham, to-morrow: Amateur Riders' Chase, Kilkeel; Winchcombe Hurdle, Goldwin; Charlton Chase, Little Brother; Evesham Hurdle, Lawrenny. Hurst Park, Friday: Three Years' Hurdle, Linggi; Park Chase, King of the Scarlets; Maiden Hurdle, Shaccabac; Novices' Chase, Jim May. Saturday: Old Year Chase, Goloshes; Surrey Hurdle, Rock Dust; Molesey Chase, Lord Rivers; Richmond Hurdle, Fort.



WHERE THE KING HAS ARRANGED TO SEE THE RACE FOR THE KING'S CUP.
THE THREE GRAND STANDS ON THE COURSE AT CALCUTTA.

It is arranged that during the visit of the King and Queen to Calcutta, their Majesties are to be present at the Calcutta Races, and watch the race for the King's Cup. Our photograph shows the grass being cut on the course in front of one of the three grand stands.

at the Gimcrack Dinner that Lomond had got over his cough, and that he was to run two or three times before the Derby, provided



A FAMOUS FOUR-IN-HAND WHIP IN DOUBLE HARNESS: MR. ALFRED G. VANDERBILT AND HIS BRIDE COACHING.

Mr. Alfred Vanderbilt, famous in this country, and especially on the Brighton Road, for his coaching achievements, was married the other day before the Registrar at Reigate to Mrs. Margaret Emerson McKim, daughter of Captain J. E. Emerson, of Baltimore. She is very popular in Newport society. Mr. Alfred Vanderbilt is the second son of the late Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt sen., and was born in 1877. His father is said to have left him about £7,000,000.

Photograph by L.N.A.



BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Vogue of Motley.

A generation that is dressed in dingy colours will inevitably burst forth at frequent intervals and riot in all the primary tints; hence the amazing success of fancy-dress balls of recent years, and the spectacle of gorgeous hues and glittering gems which was seen at the recent Arabian Nights Ball at Covent Garden. It is precisely the drab-garmented Englishman who revels in the dazzling costume of an Indian Rajah or a Khan of Turkestan. Women of all European countries have long been fond of "dressing up," but nowadays even the stolid Englishman is so cosmopolitan as to like disguising himself as an Arab donkey-boy or a Persian Shah. And it is significant of the suppleness of the modern character how

well even the unimaginative Briton bears himself when disguised as an Oriental. It is true that, in nine cases out of ten, he has visited the East, Egypt or Tangiers, and knows to a nicety how he ought to look and comport himself: in fact, his racial talent for dressing well and bearing himself with dignity is an essential factor of his success "in motley." As a matter of fact, the masculine guests at the Arabian Nights Ball

TAILOR-MADE IN SUÈDE.
A tailor-made dress in suède cloth trimmed with reddish-brown velvet, the jacket fastening on the side with buttons and lace.

were more accurately dressed, and moved with more Oriental dignity, than the ladies. They were not to be trifled with in the matter of spangles or turbans, and though, as modern Indian Maharajahs or Egyptian Beys, they might have worn patent-leather boots for dancing, they in no case succumbed to the temptation. Indeed, we are meticulous enough in the matter of accuracy nowadays, both at costume balls and on the stage. In the eighteenth century even actors would not change their everyday costume to impersonate a Greek, a Syrian, or an ancient Scot. Garrick appeared as Brutus in a periwig and satin small-clothes, and Mrs. Siddons did not materially alter her Georgian dress to enact Lady Macbeth or Cleopatra. Those great ones had their sense of the fitting, and they were not going to alter it to pander to a thirst for realism.

Inverted Envy. This is essentially an age in which every section of the community seems to be discontented with their surroundings and to envy those with other occupations and in other walks of life. Not a doubt of it but the typewriter and the shopgirl imagine the be-jewelled and be-furred old lady in the motor-car to be radiantly and ecstatically happy, ignoring the fact that money and contentment have nothing in common, and that the overdressed elder whose automobile splashes them with mud has accumulated, during a long life, an extraordinary number of grievances, disappointments, and woes. If you observe carefully, you will see that the peeress will hanker after the stage, and that the politician envies the man of letters his ink-pots, his pens, and his sense of leisure. The clerk would like to be a music-hall comedian, the Cabinet Minister sighs that he has not the time to compete for the Laureateship, while royalties

of all sorts, it is common knowledge, would rather be anything than the benevolent marionettes which they are bound to be under present conditions. The members of the Imperial House of Hapsburg seem to be particularly restive under their trying conditions of life. There must be something peculiarly oppressive about Austrian Court life to make so many seceders and wanderers on the earth's surface, from the beautiful and ill-fated Empress Elizabeth to "Johann Orth," the ex-Crown Princess of Saxony, and the latest rebel, the Archduke Henry, who is giving up all the fripperies of a cavalry captain and an Austrian royalty to live the happy life of an art student in Munich. Often the rich and great would like to be in the shoes of the humble and happy.

The Young Husband as Philosopher.

The male American, whatever his defects or his qualities, has always a sense of humour which enables him to pass genially through life, envisaging all its trials with equanimity, even that of marriage.

He is apt, indeed, to treat this great human problem with a levity which causes astonishment in the European. Possibly it is because his divorce laws are easier and life altogether more fluid and adventurous than on "this side"; at any rate, you will invariably find the philosopher behind the husband, in a man of Transatlantic birth. Mr. E. S. Martin, in the current *Harper's Magazine*, synthesises the modern American point of view about wedlock. It will be noted that there is none of the condescension, the "I-thought-you-expected-it" attitude towards his bride so common in the European when he assumes the responsibilities of the married state. Quite the contrary. "What do the girls marry us for?" modestly asks Mr. Martin, and he answers his own question characteristically by adding, "No doubt it is because there is nothing better in sight for them to marry."

Moreover, he "is amazed at the talent

women have for living with men, as exemplified by Cordelia's gift for living" with him. For, as he remarks, this young wife of his is grown-up, intelligent, has been spoiled and petted in the usual American way, expecting a great deal from life, and used to a considerable amount of personal liberty, and yet she is content, to his amazement, to make her life subservient to his. The American, as a husband, must be a delightful person to deal with.

A British Modern Instance.

The young couple in Miss Amherst Reeve's novel, "The Reward of Virtue," are by no means so philosophical as their

American protagonists. The disagreeables of co-partnership make themselves very evident within six months of the wedding, and Mr. Leonard Day employs more than the usual Briton's arrogance in dealing with the rather silly and extravagant wife whom he has sworn to love and cherish. Both, indeed, are entirely lacking in tolerance and that sense of humour which enables the American to steer over the rocks and shoals of wedlock and find a certain pleasure in the contemplation of his own shortcomings.

**IN MAUVE AND VIOLET.**

A dress of mauve velvet with an embroidered apron of violet velvet, a violet turban long at the back, and with a collar and wristbands of skunk.

**IN BLACK AND WHITE.**
An afternoon dress in black velvet, black muslin, and white muslin, embroidered with white and cerise silk, a muff of skunk, and a hat in black and white.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Dec. 27.

BEFORE THE HOLIDAYS.

BY the time this appears Christmas will be over, and we hope it will have been a very pleasant one, but at all events, our readers will probably still be far more concerned with the festivities than with stocks and shares. However, lest by chance anyone should glance through this page from the depths of an armchair, it is pleasant to be able to note that things have been a little more cheerful of late, and certainly a good deal more interesting.

The market for some little time was overborne with new issues which had been kept back by the political troubles of the last few months, but the stream seems to have spent itself for the moment, and the market to have resumed its normal state.

There have been several interesting points recently; the announcement that the London General Omnibus Company proposed to add 1000 new omnibuses to their fleet during 1912 stimulated activity in the shares, and the mystery of the rise in Union Castle Shares was solved at last by the official announcement that the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company and Messrs. Elder, Dempster, and Company, are to take over the control. An interesting result of this combination will probably be that the Union Castle Company will drop out of the South African shipping "ring," and thus be enabled to tender again for the Mail contracts.

Rubber shares, although quiet, have been showing a much happier face to the world, and the prices paid to several of the Companies for forward delivery of the raw article during next year have effectually silenced those who have talked the price of Para down to 3s.

OILS.

The Oil Market has been persistently dull and depressed of late, and full of rumours of all sorts of evils. The circular issued by the Spies Petroleum Company, after heavy selling of the shares, did nothing to help matters, and exposed a very serious water trouble in the western section of the property at Groyne.

One cannot feel surprised, either, that the Maikop section is not finding favour, in view of the report of the Maikop Premier Oil Syndicate. For ourselves, we have grave doubts as to the final results of the boring at deep levels, and we certainly cannot see how £20,000 can be sufficient for the developments proposed.

Shell transports have been very quiet since their recent set-back, and seem to stick just below 8s. A little while ago it was rumoured that, owing to the fight for the control of the Oil Market in the East, the Directors would be unable to continue the 22½ per cent. dividend which they have paid during the last two years. - The position of the Company, however, is an exceedingly strong one, and although market conditions have not been quite so favourable, we think the probabilities are that the distribution will be maintained. Last year the profits were not divided up to the hilt, and the internal resources of the Company are quite sufficient to tide them over any slight depression; and China's markets, without doubt, will eventually fall into their hands.

The shares touched 106s. last year, and a few months ago were as high as 93s.; and when a little life can be instilled into the Oil Market as a whole we think Shells will be one of the first to move ahead.

BUCKET-SHOPS HERE AND ELSEWHERE.

The amount of fraud which is practised in this country by persons who call themselves dealers in stocks and shares, and are generally called bucket-shop keepers, is so large, and attention has of late been so prominently called to the subject by the prosecutions which the authorities, for very shame, have been driven to institute, that the very interesting article which our contemporary the *Financial Times* printed under the title "American Bucket-Shops. How the Evil is being Stamped Out," comes at a most opportune time, when the lesson which our Transatlantic cousins have given us might well be taken to heart.

So long as foolish and ignorant people are hungry to speculate, just so long will there be cheats to accommodate them; but it seems that within the last five years stringent legislation has made the bucket-shop keeper's calling in the United States as risky as any of the more open or violent forms of theft. An Act which struck a severe blow at this form of cheating was passed in New York in 1904; but now that the more stringent Act of 1908 has been put into full operation, our contemporary says, the swindlers have had to go.

Surely if New York can be cleared of bucket-shops, and the American public protected from the swindling devices which are here so rampant, there is no reason why the same protection should not be extended to the simple and ignorant little capitalist in this country. In our opinion, if one half the time that has lately been devoted to devising unpopular servant taxes had been given to ridding the country of the host of harpies who deal with the poor clergymen or industrious little tradesmen in one per cent. margins, blind pools, and other patent systems for getting rich quick, and so despoil them of their scanty substance, it would have been much better spent. Surely it could be made an offence to use the King's Post Office for the circulation of these self-evident frauds; it could be made an offence for newspapers to aid and abet the cheats by publishing their advertisements; and it could be made an offence to send out, or aid and abet the sending-out of incitements to

gambling in stocks and shares. If we cannot clear London of the pests, at least we could make an effort to diminish the evil.

MR. LAMPARD ON RUBBER PROSPECTS.

So many of our readers are, we know, anxious to hear our valued correspondent "Q's" view as to what Rubber shares are the most promising that we publish the following note with great pleasure, especially as we cordially agree with him in his recommendation of those Companies who have more than one string to their bow.

The events of the past week fully confirm the anticipations of an improving Rubber Market, to which I alluded in my last note. It is clear, from the prices paid at the auctions, that there is an eager demand for plantation rubber at current prices, and, from the prices paid for rubber for delivery all over 1912, it is also evident that manufacturers do not expect that the increasing supplies will be more than equal to the yearly increasing demand. Mr. Arthur Lampard, in his speech at the annual meeting of the United Serdang Rubber Plantations, anticipated that the world's consumption in 1912 would be not less than 101,000 tons; whereas the visible supply, including a contribution of 20,000 tons from plantations, was not more than 93,000 tons. The position was one which, in his opinion, would justify the price of rubber being raised to a much higher level than is now ruling, which, however, was not desirable. As I said last week, if an average sale price of 4s. 6d. over 1912, and of 4s. over 1913, may be safely anticipated, the profits of the producing Companies will easily beat all records. A net profit of 3s. per lb. on an estimated production of 20,000 tons means a divisible profit of over £6,000,000 among the producing Companies in 1912.

There was another matter of general interest in Mr. Lampard's speech, to which reference may be made. He alluded to the fact that the cost of production in Ceylon, Southern India, and Sumatra was likely to be permanently lower than the cost in the Malay States. This is not a very important matter at present, while the price of rubber is out of all proportion to the cost of production, but when the time arrives that the Middle East is in a position to supply the whole world's demand for rubber, it will become a matter of vital importance, and it will be as well for the investor to bear it in mind.

Some of your readers may ask which are the best shares to buy, if it is safe to buy on the present basis of prices as an investment. So much information is now published about Rubber Companies, and so many people have experience, bitter or otherwise, of the fluctuations of share values, that it is almost unnecessary to give any detailed advice as to particular Companies. I still think, as I have always done, that the best and safest investments are those Companies which are not dependent on rubber only for their profits, but are also earning steady dividends from tea, sugar, or other tropical products. Such Companies are *Anglo-Ceylon General Estates*, which will be in a position to issue a wonderful profit and loss account this year, *Ceylon Tea Plantations*, *Eastern Produce*, *General Ceylon*, etc. Among Rubber Companies pure and simple the following all appear to be sound investments at current prices—*Langkat Sumatra*, *Perak*, *London-Asiatic*, *Consolidated Malay*, or *Damansara*. I have not specially mentioned *Bukit-Rajah* or *North Hummock*, because the cheapest way to buy these appears to me to be to acquire an interest in Anglo-Ceylons, which Company holds large blocks of these shares.—Q.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. D.—The Rubber Companies are all fair concerns, but we prefer those dealt with by "Q" in this week's Notes. The Canadian Company Ordinary shares are a fair speculative Industrial holding with which we are not in love.

MEDICUS.—(1) We would rather not give an opinion, as we have no special information. (2) The Steel you have done well out of. The market depends on so many factors purely Yankee, and especially the anti-Trust agitation, that it would be well to realise half and hold the remainder for a further rise.

J. P.—(1) These shares seem to us quite high enough, and we advise sale. (2) Very good holding; not gilt-edged, but quite useful.

XMAS.—(1) It is a gamble; we cannot give an opinion. (2) The interest on the Beira Income Debentures for 1910 is to be paid.

DAWSON.—The shares you name are fair Industrials. We suggest Van den Bergis Ordinary, Sanitas Ordinary, *Lady's Pictorial* 5 per Cent. Preference, or Jay's Ordinary. We should prefer to see you buy things like New Chilian Loan or City of Pernambuco 5 per Cent. Bonds, both below par.

NOTE.—In consequence of going to press early, on account of Christmas, it is impossible to answer all correspondents as usual in this issue.

Being in the closest neighbourhood of the Royal Dutch Shell Transport group, worked on the Roumanian Oilsfield through the Astra Romana Company, the prospects of the Moreni (Roumania) Oilfields Company's property naturally claim exceptional attention. Moreni shares are being dealt in for special settlement, one of the Company's wells being within but a few yards of the famous Astra 2B, which has yielded as much as a thousand tons of oil in twenty-four hours. The second and third sands lie at depths of 850 ft. and 1000 ft. respectively, both being equally prolific oil-producers. With a capital of £250,000 Ordinary £1 shares, and £150,000 in 1s. Deferred shares, the Company has speculative possibilities of perhaps an attractive character from the investor's point of view.



THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Christmassing. It is a subject about which we all have our own ideas. Many would astonish the natives if they were expressed. The common ground whereon all parents and lovers of children meet is that it is a traditional merry festival for them. It should be from all points of view, and those who keep it so find a nice reflection of joy in their own lives. Boatfuls of childless pleasure-seekers have crossed to the Continent in the past few days. What would Dickens have had to say about them? It has been impossible to get a cabin reserved on a cross-Channel steamer during the past week, even in cases where ten days or a fortnight's notice had been given. Seldom has the Channel been rougher than recently, but pleasure-seekers are not to be put off. Truly, time has wrought many changes in our methods of Christmassing — on the whole, changes greatly for the better, tending to make us as a nation broader-minded and less intolerant of ideas other than our own.

Dancing-Dresses. The vogue of the Russian Ballet has had some influence on dance dresses—not, it is true, to the extent of making them short to the knees, or to having them distended with crinolines; but some of the newest and loveliest are very short, merely to the ankles, and they are diaphanous, light as thistledown, and a good deal wider than they were. This latter feature is eagerly welcomed by most people. Attenuated evening dresses had become so common that no single costume ever seemed to achieve distinction. There has been a meagre look about evening gowns that made for commonness. A duchess or a millionairess, who could counterbalance the paucity of her clothing by the imposingness of her jewels, stood some chance of being distinguished in a crowd; but the ordinary woman was lost in the tubular mass, all as like as ninepins. With the wider skirts and more elaborate trimmings now coming in, a pretty girl can hold her own with the most jewel-decked duchess of them all. The ballet also has had the effect of making smart men and girls see that the grace and beauty that is in dancing makes for the real enjoyment of it. I hear that dancing masters and mistresses have been quite busy lately with adult pupils.

New Year's Joys. Sweet scents and daintiness for the year are not least among its joys. At Morny Frères, 201, Regent Street, there is a wonderful choice of delicate and delicious perfumes put up in most dainty ways that will ensure sweet scents. These have the true Morny cachet—one that is celebrated for refinement and grace the world over. There are series of almost all the beautiful perfumes in toilet-water, bath-salts, sachets—everything, in fact, for the toilet, and all most elegantly got up. Glass bowls for Salts Morny make acceptable presents for the New Year,

which many people regard as even more important than Christmas. The Morny perfumes are so well known that it is hardly necessary to mention the seductive Muguet, the pleasantly pervading Oak-Leaf Geranium, the haunting Chaminade, the Oriental Yesha, the summer-heralding June Roses, and the refreshing Violette.

Beginning Well. A good beginning is an excellent thing, and to start the year on the most hygienic lines is wise surely. Odol is acknowledged as a wonderfully fine antiseptic mouth-wash and efficacious cleanser and keeper of the teeth. Flasks of Odol in its well-known shape in velvet-lined cases make good presents for the New Year. A great convenience for those who

travel and visit are cases to hold the indispensable flagon made of nickel silver, silver-plate, and solid silver. These protect the bottle, and the favourite dentifrice travels safely and is always ready for use. These can be had from most chemists; but if any difficulty is experienced, full particulars as to where to get them will be sent on application to the Odol Chemical Works, 59-63, Park Street, Southwark, S.E.

A Good Kind of Purchase. To obtain in addition to a purchase further articles of the value of one-quarter the order is a rare advantage. The To-Kalin Manufacturing Company, Ltd., 214a, Great Portland Street, W., is not only offering the famous "Harriet Meta" preparations in dainty boxes without extra charge, but is giving away New Year gifts to purchasers of any of these products to the value of one-quarter of their order. This is an original and taking idea.

Royal Vinolia. Everywhere the name of Royal Vinolia is justly associated in the feminine mind with all that is desirable for an attractive and dainty toilet. The reason for this enviable reputation is, of course, that Royal Vinolia toilet luxuries are both delightful in themselves and in the effects they produce. It is recognised that their power to please is largely increased by the knowledge of their exquisite purity, to secure which the makers spare no effort, and take every possible precaution to

maintain that desirable quality, which begins with the selection of materials, and is continued throughout every process, till each article is packed ready for its dainty purpose. The manufacture of Royal Vinolia toilet articles is carried on in light, lofty rooms, amid clean and wholesome surroundings, by healthy workers, whose very dress is specially adapted so as to be best suited to the nature of the article on the preparation of which they are engaged. Hygienic conditions unite with scientific methods and up-to-date appliances in creating and maintaining the high standard of excellence for which Royal Vinolia goods are so famous, and surely it is no wonder that Royal Vinolia toilet luxuries give such a delicious sense of daintiness and refinement to the woman who uses them, and are so much prized and sought after. The very attractive form in which they are presented also adds to their charm. The Royal Vinolia series includes preparations for the teeth, hair, and skin, and, in fact, supplies every requirement for a charming and refreshing toilet.



PRINCESS MIRABELLE IN "HOP O' MY THUMB," AT DRURY LANE: MISS MAUDIE THORNTON.

The part of Princess Mirabelle was specially written for Miss Maudie Thornton in "Hop o' my Thumb," the pantomime at Drury Lane, which bids fair to be as popular as any of its predecessors.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.



LIGHT, BEAUTY, AND FRAGRANCE: DAINTILY CLAD WORKERS IN THE ROYAL VINOLIA FACTORIES.

As the photographs show, the conditions under which the employees in the Royal Vinolia factories work are of an ideal character. The rooms are light, lofty, and spacious; the workers, of both sexes, are attired in fresh, neat uniforms; and the whole atmosphere of the work is fragrant and healthy.



AIR, SPACE, AND CLEANLINESS: HEALTHY CONDITIONS OF WORK IN THE ROYAL VINOLIA FACTORIES.

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"As Flows the River."

By MRS. FRED REYNOLDS.
(Chapman and Hall.)

Once hear the sound of a certain Welsh river, and you'll come back again and again to listen. So said Llys Owen, whose farm lay beside its banks far up the Welsh hills where the river was still an infant. And certainly from the moralist's point of view it was worth hearing, though a philosopher might find it less satisfactory. It discoursed on life and love to the sunny Lowrie, suggested ambition to her loutish lover, analysed for Llys, to whom these two owed their home and rearing, her mixed motives of love and hate, and generally saw to it that each of them should know their duty. Of set purpose Mrs. Reynolds only evokes the gracious and beautiful in this world of Welsh mountain and sky; and quite passionately she unites its various expressions of flower or butterfly, of spring rain or summer moonlight, with the moods and needs of the human group concerning which she writes. It is a world without blot, and it is a world never terrible or remote, but existing by and dependent on men and women. And below, there is a profound religious element like water under the earth. With all this in its favour it seems regrettable that the story itself fails of real fervour and grip. Her pictorial landscape would appear to have affected her figures. They too are pictorial—conventionally true to pictorial tradition even in their backsiding. Nothing contributes to this sense of unreality more than the stream itself. These long conversations which it held with one and each, often in catechism form, cannot be accepted as Mrs. Reynolds once suggests it should be, by reference to the various selves of the ego. Each hears the river distinctly call her or his name; each brings from it a personal message of comfort or warning. The childhood of Lowrie and Merven, like that of Tom and Maggie in "The Mill on the Floss," is the most memorable portion of the book. Lowrie might have been the little girl of whom Nature said that she would make a lady of her own. And some of her childish difficulties with her sturdy and most un-Celtic male companion attain humour. She was trying to explain to him that the water burbling over the stones was not the real river, only the expression of it. He looked at her with puzzled eyes. "You do think funny things," he said. "No I don't." She disowned the implication of peculiarity. "Only what anyone thinks. You, Merven, know there is a part of yourself you cannot see." He laughed. "That is my back." "I mean your

soul." At that he kicked awkwardly at a stone. "You ought not to talk about souls unless it is Sunday," he said.

"Hushed Up."

By WILLIAM LE QUEUX.
(Evelyn Nash.)

Readers other than a hardened reviewer may emerge slightly muddled from Mr. Le Queux's latest detective story, but they cannot fail to have been thrilled, so the end will have been attained. Indeed, Mr. Le Queux has been wonderfully generous. A secret association of thieves scattered over the Continent of Europe, and making organised changes in their groups from Russia to Tyrol or from Spain to London, so that the police may always be baffled, promises well. Then there is an unused furnished house in Porchester Terrace, where at least three people are discovered buried in the back garden; the reader may assist at the disinterment in the presence of that great French detective, Guerlin, and will see the muddy patent boots of one victim sticking out of the earth! Then there is a medieval torture composed of a venomous snake tied by a thread to a lighted candle, which the hero himself undergoes. There is also his affinity, a peerlessly beautiful creature belonging to the said gang. All this treated by Mr. Le Queux in his well-known manner cannot fail to be satisfactory to his readers. As the *Bookman* so neatly puts it, "Mr. Le Queux is always reliable."

At a recent meeting of the Falcon Mines (Ltd.), Major Frank Johnson, who presided, said that the capital authorised had all been issued, and stood at £400,000. In view of the report, no shareholder could imagine that the Company was over-capitalised. The increase of 65,000 shares was due to the purchase of the adjoining property, known as the Athens Mine. The amount stated in the accounts for mining claims and buildings was £280,212. He had had this item dissected, and found that the actual cost, including all their mining property, had been £273,473. It might be that further capital would be required. As a result of the alteration in the control of the Company, they were assured that any further necessary capital would be forthcoming. As regards the Athens Mine, Major Johnson mentioned that, according to the well-known engineers in charge, the ore above the 50-feet level was more than enough to cover the price paid for the mine. He thought there was only one other mine in all Rhodesia to compare with the Falcon, and he looked forward to its future with confidence. The resolution was seconded by Mr. Charles Theodore Holland and carried.

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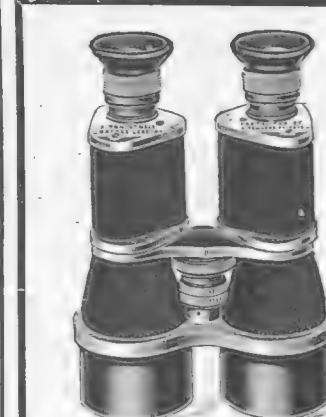
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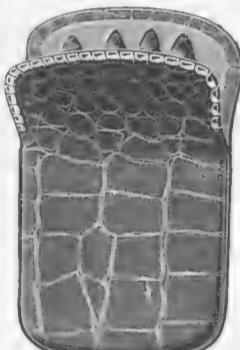
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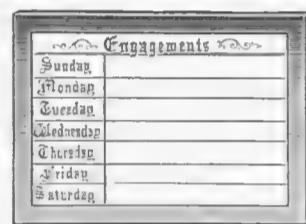


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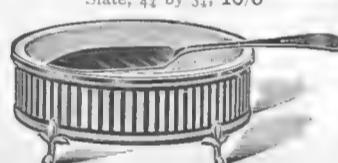
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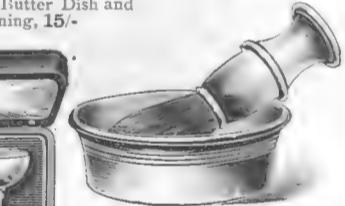
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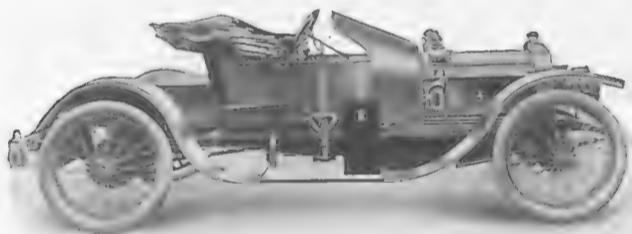
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Drawing-Room and Ante Rooms.

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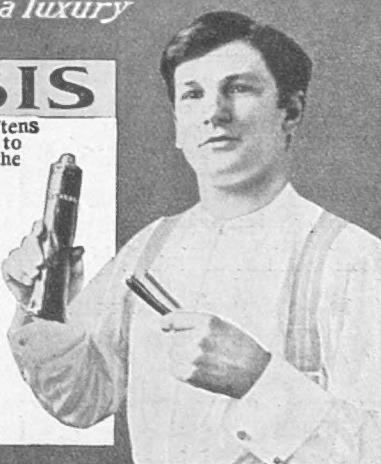
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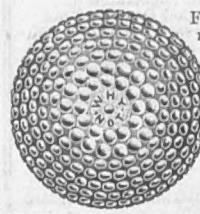
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